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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



LEAVITT, AS USUAL, NOT PLAYING GOLF

Lest I've created the impression in this space that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED staffers are all capable of running 2:30 marathons and holding their own on the satellite tennis tour or, at least, are inclined to attempt such deeds, let me refer you to Senior Editor Scot Leavitt. As editor of this week's story on the LPGA Championship, which begins on page 66, and of almost all of our other golf articles for the last four years, Leavitt has rarely addressed a golf ball. And now that he has, for the moment, added boxing, including this week's dual fight coverage (page 22), to a repertoire that also includes chess, crew, soccer, volleyball and harness racing, he promises, true to form, not to put hand in glove, either.

Which isn't to say that Leavitt finds boxing uninteresting. When he was a lad of 13 or so, he occasionally put on the gloves to have it out with his buddy, Eddie Chamberlain, in the corner of the Brunswick School gym in Greenwich, Conn. Chamberlain, Leavitt recalls, fought with his left arm fully extended and threw quick, stiletto-like jabs. "He'd go pop, pop, pop at my nose," says Leavitt. "I didn't think it was especially fair, but it was very effective."

These days the only punches Leavitt

takes are from the Yule bowl at SI Christmas parties, and he has been known to throw a punch line into a story now and then. He also has a fondness for the odd golf epigram—e.g., "It's a long hole that has no dogleg." At his desk he leans into his work like a rower about to take a particularly long stroke, and in fact he used to write crew while president of the Harvard Crimson right after World War II. SI Senior Writer Coles Phinizy was president of the Harvard Lampoon at about the same time. Leavitt remembers Phinizy not so much for his wit as for his ability to write left-handed backward and righthanded forward simultaneously.

Although Leavitt spends little time playing golf, to say nothing of boxing, he has frequently pondered the similarities and dissimilarities between these sports. "Golf is played in sunlight and everyone wears nifty clothing," he observes. "In boxing, they wear Everlast trunks and protective cups, and everybody sweats a lot and winds up with battered features."

But he finds both sports especially intriguing because they involve solo performances that a journalist has a good chance of getting a solid grip on. That's in marked contrast to pro basketball, say, which Leavitt edited for five years. At times that tends to mystify him—and, he believes, other observers. "A team that looks wonderful one night can look dreadful the next," he says, "and I don't think coaches or even hardened sports reporters quite know why."

Though Leavitt knows there are those who say golf is hardly a sport because its participants don't bleed and barely perspire, he likes the sport best of all, for its orderly, rational civility. "Can you imagine a Jimmy Connors on golf?" he says. "Or the PGA Tour going on strike?"

Philip H. Leavitt

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Sideline

by R.D. ROSEN

WHEN HE'S IN DOUBT, AND AT ALL OTHER TIMES, THE AUTHOR UPS AND PUNTS

Since childhood, I have been afflicted by a disorder whose only symptom is the uncontrolled impulse to punt. The object normally employed for the satisfaction of this desire is a football, although I've stooped to pick up and punt anything from discarded beer cans to old dinner rolls. Each punt is usually accompanied by a fantasy, the most common being that I'm Ray Guy unloading a 60-yarder from my own end zone.

I'm often seized by the urge to kick footballs with little respect for appropriateness. I've been known, when bored, to punt indoors, casually spiraling the ball into an armchair or sofa. After chasing

down incomplete passes in touch football games, I impulsively punt—rather than pass—the ball back toward the line of scrimmage. Since accuracy is seldom a virtue of my kicking game, I usually have to retrieve my punt before play can resume. Meanwhile, both teams regard me with the patient contempt reserved for the unruly children of close friends.

Most of my punts have been launched in playgrounds and parks. Given the thousands of them that I have sailed, it's surprising that I haven't gotten better. Had I combined my devotion to this strange hobby with some expert guidance, I doubtless could have been the punter for some semipro team in a medium-sized industrial city. I've experimented with various approach steps, grips, drops, shoes and leg motions; I've read up on punting; and I've studied NFL punters closely. Still, my modest skills seem impervious to self-improvement.

But the act itself captivates me

Consider the parabolic beauty of a well-punted football, and then the homeliness of the foot. In this alone there is a kind of poetic justice—that the abused, unarticulate foot could be called upon for a task of such precision and grace as a long, perfectly revolving punt.

Then consider the difficulty of the punting art. The difference between a towering 55-yard spiral and a feeble, knuckling 30-yarder is literally a fraction of an inch on top of the foot. Met in the wrong place, the football behaves erratically, but met properly, the ball acquires a lyrical life of its own. While almost anyone can learn to throw a spiral, to punt even a perfect 20-yarder requires both technical exactitude and a metaphysical sense of the chore.

The only way I can explain my continued pursuit of perfect punts in the face of repeated failure is to convince myself that there's something noble in my attempt to master a virtually useless art.

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Of course, there are therapeutic elements, too. Punting is a good way to siphon off excess aggression, though it doesn't escape me that there is something odd about a grown man kicking imperfectly to no one on an empty, open field.

But I have had my shining moments, too, each one recorded in my memory. When I was a college freshman, I was punting with another student near the varsity football team practice. One of the coaches went by just as I happened to launch a rare spiraling punt that seemed to pause suspended at its apex before nosing slowly downward. The coach watched as the ball finally landed 60 yards away, and then called out, "Sign him up!" But when I looked over to acknowledge the compliment, he was already gone.

Years later I stumbled upon the local high school team's practice. The coach asked me if I wanted to punt to his boys, who needed work returning kicks. I felt silly yet grateful, as if I were the kid being asked to play with the grown-ups. For half an hour, I looped lazy spirals into the arms of frail high school juniors, who rewarded me after good kicks by addressing me as "Ray Guy."

And just a few weeks ago, after reading Dr. Edward Storey's seminal *Secrets of Kicking the Football*, I went out with a friend to apply my new knowledge. After shanking and slicing several pitiful punts, I felt Dr. Storey's book take effect. The next dozen kicks looked like something out of an instructional film. My elation is hard to describe; if only Bobby Joe Green, the Chicago Bears' punter who shaped my punting aspirations 15 years ago, could have seen me. I had found the secret.

But I had not found the secret. The next time out, my punts returned to their normal, stunted dimensions. My right foot had betrayed me again. A man with a less profound love for the practice would be discouraged and would quit.

But I was born to punt. On the very day, not long ago, when a good friend underwent surgery on his knee, I spent an hour at solitary lacking. It was the dominance of desire over common sense. Every time I shanked the ball, a ligament in my right knee cried out. Maybe there are only so many punts in that right leg of mine, but I'm afraid that I'm destined to kick every one of them.

END



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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

THE BACKGROUND

Over the years the lords of baseball have been treated as special characters by the U.S. Supreme Court (which granted them an exemption from antitrust laws), Congress (which declined to eliminate that exemption) and local politicians and taxpayers (who provided public funds to build most of the major league ball parks). The game's owners have even been indulged by their players, who voluntarily agreed in 1976 to limitations on their newly acquired freedom to sell their services to the highest bidder—a right enjoyed by most Americans. But the owners, feeling it wasn't enough that the players had consented to limit free agency to those with six or more years in the major leagues and had further agreed that a club losing a free agent be compensated with an amateur player, demanded that such compensation henceforth consist of a major-leaguer. Unlike the courts, the politicians and the taxpayers, the players at this point dared suggest that, in the absence of more compelling justification for increased compensation than anybody had heard so far, there might be a limit to special treatment for the owners. In other words, it was the players' refusal to grant their bosses yet another whopping concession—not, as popularly believed, the other way around—that led to last week's unprecedented midseason strike.

FULFILLED

Outstanding athletes are often forced into retirement by injuries, defeat and old age, a process that leaves many of them bitter and frustrated. Maren Seidler, 30, who holds the American women's record of 62' 7 1/2" in the shotput, appears to be a blessed exception. In June 1980, competing in the U.S. track-and-field championships in Walnut, Calif., Seidler won her ninth straight national outdoor title and 11th in 14 years and said, "I may be around a long time." She added, "I wouldn't do this unless I enjoyed it."

Now, suddenly, Seidler, a wonderfully

bright and ebullient woman, apparently doesn't enjoy it—or not enough, anyway. After making the 1980 U.S. Olympic team—she also made the '68, '72 and '76 squads—she took a long layoff, planning to return to competition this summer. But she has changed her mind and now says she's retiring. She leaves her sport with a sense of fulfillment rather than frustration. "I've been putting the shot for 16 years, more than half my life," she says. "I feel finished. I guess it's been in the back of my mind for a while. I simply didn't think I had enough to give to shotputting. There was no good reason to do it anymore. It just seemed silly. The other day in practice I picked up the shot to throw it and instead just laid it back down."

SWIFT, SURE AND PLEBEIAN

Members of the yachting set in the Pacific Northwest are still shaking their heads over the outcome of this year's Swiftsure, the prestigious 136.2-mile race that runs from Victoria, British Columbia, through the Strait of Juan de Fuca and 15 miles out into the Pacific, then back to Victoria. The overall winner was the 41-foot sloop *Heather*, which flew the burgee not of any of the old-line yacht clubs that usually dominate the Swiftsure but of the upstart and plebeian Sloop Tavern Yacht Club, which operates out of a bar on Seattle's waterfront. What's more, *Heather* was manned by eight Explorer Scouts, aged 15 to 19, from Seattle Post 950 and skippered by their adviser, Fred Roswold, a 35-year-old data processor for a Seattle bank. Except for Roswold, the winning sailors were too young to attend an impromptu victory party at the Sloop Tavern, whose owner, Wayne Schmidt, said, "What do you want me to do, lose my license?"

Drinking ages aside, the affiliation between the tavern and the Scouts is a natural. The Sloop Tavern Yacht Club consists of 150 members, mostly "weekend sailing couples who like to race a little," as Schmidt puts it. Explorer Post 950 has

25 members, who take turns practicing aboard *Heather* on Puget Sound. The Scouts don't hail from sailing families. "Most of our members have never sailed before joining the Scouts," says Roswold. "I've got kids who can't even afford foul-weather gear. And the sailing program costs them only about \$15 a year, and we're not real strict about that." This year's Swiftsure was the second in which Post 950 competed aboard *Heather*. Roswold says the light air that prevailed was ideal for *Heather*, adding, "We were really up for this race. The kids spent a week getting ready and they didn't fool around. They worked hard, ate the right foods and got plenty of rest."

While the Scouts aren't bluebloods, *Heather* is. She was built in 1975 for John Buchan, a member of one of Seattle's



most prominent yachting families, who donated her to Post 950 when his new 53-footer *Glory* was christened last year. Ah, noblesse oblige. Buchan and *Glory* were first across the line in the Swiftsure but, on a corrected-time basis, finished 14 places behind the cast-off boat that, thanks to Buchan's generosity, now represents Post 950 and the Sloop Tavern Yacht Club.

A BRACING DRAFT

Pro basketball reporter Roy S. Johnson reflects on last week's NBA college draft:

"By allowing teams to pick in more or less the reverse order of their finish in the regular season, the draft is designed to help equalize competition, but in the past the weaker clubs all too often defeated this worthy purpose by sacrificing their high choices in ill-considered trades that

continued

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demonstrated how they got to be weak in the first place. This time around, Dallas, Detroit and New Jersey, which had the three worst records in 1980-81, held on to their top selections. Not only that, but the Mavericks and Pistons also continued to have not one but two first-round choices each, while the Nets had three. And, most uncharacteristically of all, all three clubs used their picks wisely.

"The happy result is that the poor will, for a change, get richer. After leaning toward Indiana's Isiah Thomas for weeks, Dallas, which picked first, instead took Mark Aguirre of DePaul, who was, after all, the best player available. The Mavs' other first-round choice was Rolando Blackman of Kansas State, the most promising of 1981's big guards, and for good measure, they picked up hardworking Jay Vincent, a forward-center from Michigan State, in the second round. The Mavericks will be much improved. Detroit gladly grabbed the leftover Thomas, the best point guard to enter the NBA since Phil Ford, as well as Notre Dame's Kelly Tripucka. The Pistons will also be improved, although it didn't seem to bode well for them when Thomas reacted to being drafted by Detroit by saying he'd now have to get used to losing, while Tripucka looked as though he'd just been sentenced to life imprisonment. The biggest winners may have been the Nets, who not only landed a terrific power forward, Buck Williams, but also Williams' University of Maryland roommate, Forward Albert King, and Indiana Forward Ray Tolbert, while making deals for Kansas City's All-Star Guard Otis Birdson and Knick swingman Mike Woodson—all in the space of 24 breathless hours. By contrast, powerhouses like L.A., Philadelphia and Milwaukee didn't help themselves all that much, which is the way these things are supposed to work out but too seldom do."

INDUSTRIAL GIANTS

As if their countries haven't already exported enough products to the U.S., please meet 7' 8", 300-pound Yasutaka Okayama of Japan and 7' 2", 250-pound Uwe Blab of West Germany. Okayama was selected in the eighth round of the NBA draft by the Golden State Warriors, and it wasn't a publicity stunt. Nicknamed Chibi, which means midget in Japanese, the 25-year-old Okayama is a former star for the Osaka University of Commerce and now plays for a team rep-

resenting Sumitomo Metal Industries, where he's employed as a \$680-a-month salesman. Okayama said that while he was honored to be drafted by the Warriors, he wasn't interested in trying to make the team—a decision applauded by his former coach at Osaka, Saburo Shimada, who considers him "far too slow by American professional standards." But the man who recommended Okayama, Warrior scout and consultant Pete Newell, called Okayama an "intelligent player" with undeveloped potential. Newell notes that Okayama appears to have finally stopped growing and, therefore, may now develop some needed coordination. Despite Okayama's avowed lack of interest, he'll be invited to Golden State's rookie camp.

Blab came to Effingham, Ill. in 1979 from his native Munich on a Rotary International exchange program and averaged 16.6 points a game as a junior and 26.4 as a senior for one of Illinois' strongest high school basketball teams. He decided to attend college in the U.S. and was recruited by 160 schools, including NCAA champion Indiana, whose coach, Bobby Knight, showed up to see Blab in Effingham after the deadline that the boy and his high school coach had set for such visits. Discussing his encounter with Knight with Bob Hammel of the Bloomington (Ind.) *Herald-Telephone*, Blab said, "I asked him, 'Why do you come in so late?' He told me, 'We don't recruit like other schools do. We don't recruit players that hard. Every player we recruit we want.' And then he said, 'I don't recruit you—you recruit me.'" There was also this exchange:

Blab: "I had never even heard of you before last year."

Knight: "Well, just how the hell long do you think I've heard of you?"

Bobby strikes again. Explaining that he liked Indiana's campus and players and also that he'd developed grudging admiration for Knight's unorthodox recruiting style, Blab decided to enroll this fall at Indiana, where he'll become the tallest player in Hoosier history.

KENNY'S DEATH

The case of Kenny Wright, the former high school football star who shot himself to death with a sawed-off 12-gauge shotgun in woods near Ledyard, Conn., is closed. Wright, despondent after being paralyzed from the chest down by injuries suffered while roughhousing after

a party (SI, March 9), had been taken to the woods in his wheelchair by two friends, Brian Taylor and Billy King. He killed himself when they left him to go for beer. Taylor and King pleaded guilty to second-degree manslaughter, and Superior Court Judge Seymour L. Hendel gave them two-to-four-year suspended sentences. Referring to their role in Wright's suicide, Hendel said, "You will have to live with that. He was your friend. That's a severe punishment."

SOULIERS BLANCS

During his seven years with the NFL's Houston Oilers, Billy (White Shoes) Johnson was noted for his distinctive footwear, his flashy pass receptions and punt returns, and the well-choreographed wiggle in the end zone with which he punctuated his touchdowns. Now with the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League, Johnson is still a standout. Making his CFL debut on June 7 in a 27-21 exhibition loss to the Hamilton Tiger-Cats in Montreal's Olympic Stadium, Johnson performed some fancy moves on the receiving end of a 55-yard pass thrown by another NFL refugee, former Ram Quarterback Vince Ferragamo, and entertained the crowd with his patented end-zone dance following a TD on a 78-yard punt return that was nullified by a clipping infraction. Only one problem. While Montreal sportswriters deferentially refer to Johnson as *Souliers Blancs*, the nickname, whatever the tongue, is rendered rather meaningless by the fact that all the Alouettes wear white shoes. "Maybe I'll go to blue," says Billy.

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Walsh, San Francisco 49er coach, after watching his 6-10 team score touchdowns and perform other wondrous deeds in the newly released 49er highlight film: "It's amazing what they can do with electronics."

• Tom Beckerle, former University of Hawaii basketball player, after breaking his right arm in four places and sustaining radial nerve damage in his first parachute jump: "It wasn't as much fun as I thought it would be."

• Bob Ferry, Washington Bullet general manager, during a lunch at Dominique's in Washington to announce the signing of Center Jeff Ruland: "This is the best restaurant in the world, and one of the finest in the Washington area." **END**



"Hey, look who switched to Natural Light."

"It's that L. A. Codger himself, Tommy Lasorda. Tommy switched cuz he thinks Natural Light tastes better. That's why he sent those other light beers back to the minors.

See, Tommy doesn't know that Natural Light's great taste comes from

using only the finest natural ingredients. All he cares about is taste.

So if it's your turn to go to bat for a great tasting light beer, listen to Tommy's pitch. Signal the beer tender for a Natural Light. It's one light beer you'll always want to get your mitts on."

Taste is why you'll switch.



NO GAMES TODAY

At an impasse with club owners over the issue of free-agent compensation, major league players went on strike

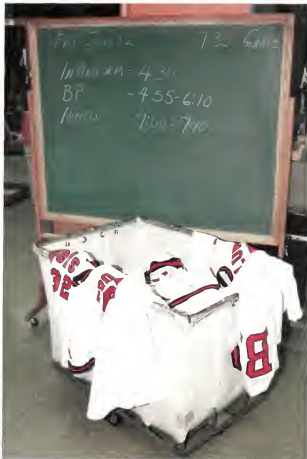
by JIM KAPLAN

If there were any doubts that baseball is our national sport, the events of last week should have dispelled them. A ruling by Federal Judge Henry F. Werker led to the first strike with a season in progress in the history of major league American sport. The judge ended his decision with the ironic, plaintive and paradoxical words, "PLAY BALL!" Then, by heaven, they played ball.

Oh yes they did. In San Diego they played Fantasy Baseball. The creation of Paul Palmer, vice-president and general manager of television station KFMB. Fantasy Baseball is a series of highlights from old tapes, in which the Padres win every game and storm into first place. In Houston the Astros were still playing. Well, sort of. Radio station KENR filled airtime with re-creations of past games, and *The Houston Post* reprinted its original stories on them. And on Ted Turner's nationwide cable-TV channel, Ronald Reagan was pitching his way to glory as Grover Cleveland Alexander in *The Winning Team*.

This rare strain of Baseball Fever began to spread last Friday when the 650 major league players walked out for the third time in nine years. In 1972 the players had canceled the first 13 days of the regular season and in 1980, eight days of

continued



On the night before the strike, in clubhouses from New York (left) to California, Tom Seaver and other players were taking off their uniforms and packing up, no matter what the blackboard said

exhibitions. But those were merely passing storms. This year's impasse, the culmination of a bitter and confusing 18-month dispute, could dampen spirits indefinitely.

This is a struggle in which the workers fought to preserve the status quo and avoid a strike, while the bosses sought radical change and courted a walkout. The players and owners never met face-to-face, only their representatives did. Negotiations became non-negotiations. The commissioner of baseball all but told the world that his words were meaningless, his authority a joke. Judge Werber was quite right to use the words, "Play ball!" when he ruled against the National Labor Relations Board's request for a strike-delaying injunction. Fair had become foul and foul fair.

The issue wasn't just high salaries; it was freedom. In 1975 arbitrator Peter Seitz had ruled that the option clause in the contracts of pitchers Dave McNally and Andy Messersmith bound them to their clubs for only one year. The effect of the ruling was to invalidate baseball's reserve clause, which had bound players to their clubs in perpetuity, and to make free agents of every player whose option year expired at the end of the 1976 sea-

son. But even the athletes realized that total freedom could result in chaotic bidding. Therefore, in 1976 they agreed to a four-year contract that limited the free-agent option to players with six years of major league experience. Clubs losing free agents would receive at most an amateur draft choice as compensation.

The result was an unprecedented increase in salaries. In 1976, according to Major League Players Association estimates, the average salary was approximately \$52,300. By 1980 it had risen to \$143,756, owing largely to the seven-figure, multi-year contracts many owners were willingly throwing at free agents, among them such questionable commodities as Pitcher John Curtis (San Diego) and Second Baseman Rennie Stennett (San Francisco). Why didn't the owners agree to limit their own spending? Because that would have been a violation of antitrust laws. Instead, they opened the 1980 contract talks by proposing what amounted to a "giveback" on free agency. A club losing a "ranking" or "quality" free agent, according to the owners' proposal, would be compensated with a major-leaguer from the signing team. To qualify as a ranking performer, a free agent would have to be among the top

50% in his league according to a formula based on playing time and be drafted by at least eight teams within a designated number of rounds (based on the number of players in the draft). The signing team could protect either 15 or 18 players from compensation, depending on whether the free agent's playing time qualified him for the top third or top half.

Cloaking their concern over salaries, the owners said their objective was to preserve baseball's "competitive balance." Actually, the balance of power had improved; and judging from record attendance and television contracts, the same was true of the teams' incomes. The fans, who are often described as "victimized" by high player salaries, were doing just fine, too. The average ticket price of \$4.53 was the lowest in major sport.

The players protested that the owners' plan would reduce salaries, bargaining power and freedom of movement. They argued that if a club had to surrender a major-leaguer for signing a free agent, it would be much more selective about whom it sought and how much it offered. The owners stood firm. A strike was averted last May because of a plan proposed by Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association. Under Miller's plan, the compensation issue was tabled while a four-man player-executive committee studied the matter. If the committee couldn't arrive at an agreement, negotiations would resume. If they, too, failed, the owners could implement their proposal in 1981 and the players could set a strike date. To most people the 1980 settlement looked like a way to reach a compromise.

But not to the club owners. In a press release accompanying the 1980 accord, their chief negotiator, Ray Grebey, was quoted as saying, "... the Clubs' proposal for compensation becomes a part of the Basic Agreement and it cannot be removed without agreement of the two sides."

That position was reflected in the 1981 round of negotiations. Only twice did Grebey formally "modify" the 1980 proposal—once after the players went to the National Labor Relations Board charging an unfair labor practice, and again about 24 hours before last Friday's strike deadline. The first proposal suggested some performance criteria for ranking free agents, as the players had demanded, but kept intact the 15-18 and 50% formulas and added some technical modifications



After Thursday's games, even concession workers jumped to the conclusion that the strike had begun.

the players regarded as regressions. The second, in addition to dropping the percentage for ranking players from 50 to 40, said this: Any team signing a free agent would designate, from its 40-man roster, a 25-player pool from which a club losing a free agent could select compensation. The owners, in essence, were doing little more than rewording their 15-month-old proposal. The players said no. Meanwhile, the owners had implemented their proposal and the players had set a May 29 strike date.

"For some time now, it's been obvious that Ray Grebey and [Commissioner] Bowie Kuhn have been intent on provoking a strike," Miller said last month. "Both of them have told the owners, 'We got compensation last year.' Now they've either got to settle and get egg on their faces or bull it out, hoping to starve out the players and get compensation."

The four proposals Miller presented this spring each addressed, however modestly, a concern of management's, but they were rejected with little discussion. Did the owners want a monetary award for clubs losing free agents, as they had proposed in 1976? Miller had an idea for one. Were clubs concerned about losing their players to free agency? The rules governing trades of players in the last year of their contracts could be liberalized. In a third proposal, Miller outlined criteria that would classify up to 5% of all players as ranking free agents, and implied he could go higher. Finally, stressing his "flexibility," Miller broached the idea of a pool in which each club would make available four players from its 40-man roster who could be used as compensation for teams losing free agents. The players seemed to be moving slowly toward meeting Grebey's objectives: "increased equity, a professional ballplayer" as compensation. No, no, no and no, said the owners. "They want us to keep proposing until we hit Bingo," said Miller bleakly.

The Players Association claimed an unfair labor practice in that the clubs wouldn't open their books in support of a contention that salaries were putting them in a bind. Ultimately, counsel for the NLRB sought the injunction that Judge Werker denied last week. Had he granted it, a strike would have been postponed for a year. "It's important that we resolve compensation now," said Grebey. The owners may not have wanted a strike, but they had their reasons to pro-



Grebe's and Miller's strongly held feelings on compensation kept them from resolving a piece of paper

voke it, as surely as they prepared for it and argued against the injunction that would at least have delayed it. As Grebey himself said, the companies that sold the owners \$50 million worth of strike insurance this year might get cold feet in 1982. Further, the owners don't want November's reentry draft conducted without significant compensation. Finally, some owners melodramatically cast the strike as the ultimate showdown with Miller (who is expected to retire this year) for "control of the game." So they pushed the players to the brink—and beyond.

The strike should be every bit as bizarre as the events that preceded it. For one thing, some people will profit despite it. Outfielder Mitchell Page, demoted last week from Oakland to Tacoma, will collect a major league salary in the minors. And the umpires get 45 days' pay.

The fans, meanwhile, were getting shut out from major league baseball—and

they didn't like it. A phone-in poll conducted by NBC last weekend showed that 53% of the 162,802 respondents favored the owners. "Those ballplayers better talk to some auto workers and steelworkers," Martha Cummings wrote in *The Houston Post*. "Good Japanese ballplayers can be imported, too."

But surely some players deserve sympathy. Twins rookie Pitcher Brad Havens was promoted from Orlando just before the strike. If he'd stayed there, he would be making \$1,700 a month. Now he's getting zip. "I'd rather be in the big leagues on strike," he said bravely.

The average salary in major league baseball today is about \$175,000 a year. It may strain credulity to suggest that some players now face financial hardship, but it may also be true. "Some of these guys will be broke in a month," said Giants Manager Frank Robinson. The lowest-paid Ranger, Dan Duran, continued

Judge Werker wanted the teams to "PLAY BALL!" Mediator McFerry wanted the parties to negotiate



who makes the major league minimum of \$32,500, is dropping \$181 a day (based on a 180-day season): the highest-paid player in baseball, the Yankees' Dave Winfield (\$1,400,000), a cool \$7,777. "I'll try to make ends meet," he says.

Philosophically, the players and owners are light-years apart. Legally, strike-wrought complications could stall a settlement for weeks. And financially, the owners seemed to be hunkered down for a long delay. After a 13-day, 152-game deductible period expires on June 24, their \$50 million in strike insurance will pay them \$100,000 a game through 500 games—until Aug. 8. They also have \$15 million worth of mutual assistance funds they've been stockpiling for two years.

Does this sound like a one-sided bottle? Not necessarily. The owners will save on salaries and other expenses, but they'll lose a considerable amount of game income: an average of almost \$5 per ticket, a few bucks per lost customer for concessions and, barring substitute arrangements, pro-rated portions of local TV and radio income (an average of \$1.86 million per team for 1981) and the national TV package (\$1.6 million per team).

"In a short strike, we'll lose money," says California Executive Vice-President Buzzie Bavasi. "But if the rest of the season is out, what with insurance and no costs, we'd break even—maybe even make a few bucks."

But not as much as they'd make if the season were on. The Angels had pre-sold 90,000 tickets and expected to take in \$600,000, everything included, for three weekend games with the Red Sox. They were of course canceled. Los Angeles, which leads baseball with an average home crowd of 46,000, can't possibly benefit from the strike, though the Twins (8,000 a game) would. In another season of potentially record-breaking attendance—it was up more than a million compared to 1980—most teams will lose money precisely because they've been making it.

The effects of the strike will be felt well down the line.

The minors. "Short term there'll be no effect," says minor league President John Johnson. "Our attendance might even increase because of the absence of major league telecasts. But we're under working agreements with major league teams; how long can they afford to subsidize us?"

The media. The status of baseball's

\$41.5-million-a-year national TV package hadn't been determined last week, but it seems doubtful the clubs will collect every cent. "Maybe they could double up on broadcasts after the settlement," says Tom Villante, baseball's executive director of marketing and broadcasting. "Where?" responds an ABC Sports executive. "It could be chaotic." NBC, which has contracted to broadcast 27 Saturday games, substituted highlights of the 1975 World Series' sixth game the day after the strike began; the proud peacock will blushing rush a sports anthology show into available Saturday spots. ABC, which had contracted to air Monday and, beginning in August, Sunday broadcasts planned to show the movie *Elvis* in Monday's slot.

Related enterprises. At an average Astro game, 22,750 bags of peanuts, 14,000 buckets of popcorn and 3,300 gallons of beer are sold. Somewhere at the Houston Popcorn and Supply Company, 100,000 pounds of Virginia peanuts are in cold storage. "Last year's drought made them difficult to obtain and expensive," says company President Augie Schmitt. "Suppose the Astros don't play the rest of the year? What am I going to do—eat them myself?" And what about John Henzl, the organist at Wrigley Field, who apparently hadn't gotten the news. On Friday he reported for a game with the Padres and played for half an hour before someone told him to go home.

The benefits. A player on the disabled list can in most cases use clubhouse equipment to rehabilitate himself. A healthy ballplayer, however, can't use balls, bats, fields or other strictly baseball-oriented tools of the trade that are owned by the clubs. Time counting toward free agency is being withheld, and there may already be some casualties. The Yankees' Ron Gaudry, who needed all but nine days of the 1981 season, now might not be a free agent until 1982.

Did it have to end this way? Unfortunately, yes. For one reason, the study commission's sessions were also attended by the negotiating teams. "Both sides were encumbered," says an observer. The same was true of negotiations. The players felt the owners were asking them to compromise a right as basic as free speech. "We have something we won in the courts and they're trying to take it away," said Cleveland's Bert Blyleven. Of course, the players had compromised their freedom with the 1976 settlement,



But, given the militancy of his charges, Miller had to move slowly toward increasing compensation to include even good prospects from the minor leagues. Disturbing the 25-man major league roster, he said privately, was impossible. At the same time, however, Grebey was saying, "There has to be compensation from the 25-man roster. That's the bottom line."

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* called the negotiations "the bores of summer." Ken Moffett, the federal mediator who had to attend hours of fruitless debate, was equally frustrated. "These are the most



When the last out was made at Shea Stadium, the cheering stopped, the crowd went home and a special policeman stood lonely watch over a deserted field

bizarre negotiations. I've been involved in during 22 years as a mediator," he said. "The issues are resolvable, but there's no negotiating."

On June 3, in Rochester, N.Y., Judge Werker began hearing the NLRB's player-supported request for the injunction. To the stand came Commissioner Kuhn, whose virtually unlimited powers in behalf of the game's "best interests" have been gathering cobwebs of late. Back on Dec. 8, Kuhn said at the winter meetings that high salaries bred by free agency were driving the game toward fiscal disaster. Might Kuhn's views reflect those of

the Player Relations Committee? asked the player and NLRB attorneys who were trying to open baseball's books. "I am not a spokesman for the PRC," Kuhn said, "either publicly or in collective bargaining." For whom does Kuhn speak?

As this tale of pride and paradox dissolved into a strike, Miller added yet another ironic twist. Responding to owner complaints that only he obstructs a settlement, Miller withdrew from negotiations. The union is now represented by four players—Doug DeCinces and Mark Belanger of the Orioles, Bob Boone of the Phillies and the Expos' Steve Rog-

ers—assisted by Players Association counsel Don Fehr. Other players can attend. Unfortunately, the owners won't be on the other side of the table. Grebey and his assistants have banned the owners throughout and, according to some front-office executives, have been less than zealous in keeping them informed.

So there's your scenario for a prolonged strike. Marvin Miller, the man who taught baseball about collective bargaining, won't be at the table. And the owners he should be speaking to will remain in the dark.

Play ball.

END

NOW, DOES ANYONE HAVE A QUESTION ?

Larry Holmes' stature as a champion is endlessly denigrated, but his effortless handling of Leon Spinks was the McCoy

by PAT PUTNAM



At the start of the third and final round, a furious Holmes began his implacable pursuit of Spinks

Life for Larry Holmes, 31, the small-town car washer who became the heavyweight champion of the World Boxing Council, lately has been a frustrating game of "What About?" He'd beat one guy and the people would say, "Yeah, but what about...?" The latest version of the question he seemingly cannot make go away was: Hey, Larry, if you're so great, what about Leon Spinks? Before that it was what about Earnie Shavers, what about Kenny Norton, and, alas, what about Muhammad Ali?

Before his methodical destruction of Spinks, 27, in less than three rounds last Friday in Detroit, Holmes had won 37 fights and lost none. After winning the title from Norton on June 9, 1978, he had defended it nine times. But instead of bringing Holmes the great respect he deserves, his victories have, perversely, transformed good fighters into instant mediocrities or old men. It is Holmes' problem that he is so proficient, everyone he is in with looks shabby: Aw, Larry, anybody could have beaten that bum. What about...?

And so Holmes is constantly fighting

a formless opponent he cannot smash with his 13½-inch fists, with the result that this marvelous fighting machine is consumed with disgust and rage. "What do they want of me?" he asked before the Spinks fight. "It's a stupid game I can't win. I don't know why I don't say to hell with it and quit. I've got more than I ever dreamed I'd have. All I wanted was enough to buy a small house and a small business. Now I'm a multimillionaire. I can walk away and be happy the rest of my life."

But Holmes knows he can't walk away. Not yet. Restlessly, he paced the floor of his penthouse hotel suite in Detroit. "Now it's what about Spinks?" Holmes growled. "A fighter with a 10-2-2 record who beat an old man to win a title, and they have the nerve to wonder if I can beat him. Damn, and after him it will be what about Cooney? And what about Greg Page and Michael Dokes? They never stop." There was an anger within him, and anger is usually foreign to this gentle, good-natured giant. "One day, they're going to push me until somebody gets in the ring with me and gets hurt bad,

real bad," he said, the words coming from deep in his throat. It was that dark mood Holmes carried to the Joe Louis Arena to face Spinks. He would earn \$1.9 million, but neither the money nor the title now drives the 6'3", 212¼-pound champion into yet another bout. Holmes fights now because of pride.

In Holmes' quiet dressing room an hour before the fight, Eddie Futch, the little trainer who replaced Richie Giachetti last April, spoke softly. "Remember, he's going to come charging right at you," said Futch. "Just move around at first. Get your timing together, get your distance. I don't want you to go out and start exchanging with him." Holmes nodded to show that he understood. He's too much the professional to permit anger to lead him into an ambush.

In Spinks' dressing room a line of friends paraded past, telling him he would win easily. Each received the same reply "I'll do the best I can." Finally Mrs. Kay Spinks, the challenger's mother, joined in the "you'll-beat-him" chorus.

"Aw, Mom, shut up," said Spinks mildly. "I'll just do the best I can." At



A right hand started the challenger on his way to the door. When he got up, Holmes went at him again, pinning him back in a corner and pounding him with more rights and left. Finally, a white towel ended it.

him it would be a short fight. Between rounds Futch advised Holmes to begin double-jabbing. "He's starting to counter over the jab," Futch said.

The second round was memorable because of an accidental ringing of the bell 25 seconds early. Seemingly confused



200¼ pounds, Spinks, who held the world title for seven months in 1978, was in peak form. Behind him were seven solid weeks of hard work in the solitude of northern Michigan. He would earn his \$490,000.

As expected, Spinks went after Holmes with a great rush, bobbing and weaving like a disco dancer in a frenzy, trying to get inside the champion's five-inch-longer reach and his snapping jab. In the gym Spinks is an excellent boxer; in the ring he reverts to a style more commonly seen on the streets. It is as though the bell erases everything from his mind but the instinct to attack.

As Spinks swarmed, Holmes circled, mostly to his right, using his jab more for measurement than punishment. Midway through the round, as Spinks started to hook, Holmes launched a hard overhand right to the head. A look of satisfaction said that that one punch told



only Holmes and his cornerman heard it. In the champion's corner Keith Kleven, a physical therapist, times each round with a stopwatch. With 30 seconds to go he signals Jake Holmes, a younger brother of Larry's and his acting manager, who then shouts, "Cut the tree." It's to tell Holmes that the round is coming to a close and to finish with a flurry. But now Jake had hardly shouted when the bell dinged. As Holmes dropped his hands, Spinks hit him with a good right. Led by Futch, Holmes' people started into the ring. Glancing at his stopwatch, Kleven shouted frantically for them to come back. "It's not over," he yelled at Futch.

Holmes grabbed Spinks and looked toward his corner. Referee Richard Steele, who hadn't heard the early bell, stepped between the fighters and ordered them to break. Angry, Holmes stepped back and whacked Spinks with both hands.

When the bell rang again, Holmes went to his corner and demanded, "What the hell is going on? I keep hearing bells." "Yeah, you heard a bell," Jake said. "What the hell."

Futch took command. "Forget that; you're going good, Larry," he said. "Keep moving to your right, and when he starts that hook, hit him with the right."

But for Holmes there would be no more dancing this night. He had had enough. Going swiftly to ring center, he waited for Spinks. He fired a string of stinging jabs, crossed a right and jabbed twice more. Off-balance, Spinks tried a right hand, missed badly, and fell as Holmes disdainfully pushed him away. Hardly was he up before Holmes was on him, smothering him with a storm of slamming rights after a left hook to the body had nearly torn Spinks in half. With Spinks pinned to the ropes, Holmes, his long left arm stuck in the challenger's face as a measuring stick, hit Spinks with a short, chopping overhand right. Slowly Spinks toppled to his right, fell facedown on the lower strand, and then rolled over onto the canvas, landing on his back. Somehow, at nine, he regained his feet.

Referee Steele peered into his eyes, which were clear. "You O.K.?" Steele asked.

"Damn right I'm O.K."

With a savagery he seldom displays, Holmes opened up with a new assault of

hard right hands. As Spinks reeled under the barrage, his younger brother, Michael, who will fight Eddie Mustafa Muhammad for the WBA light-heavyweight title next month, bounded up the steps yelling for Steele to stop the fight. From below, Dale Williams, an assistant trainer, threw a white towel into the ring. But Steele had already moved in to stop the punishment.

A few moments later, Holmes, annoyed because he thought the fight should have been stopped sooner, was almost in his second battle of the night. While being interviewed by ABC's Howard Cosell, he spotted Gerry Cooney, the No. 1 contender, being steered in their direction by an ABC aide. Holmes' eyes flared; he has no love for Cooney.

"Howard, if he comes over here I'm gonna slap him," Holmes warned, rising as Cooney came closer.

"You got no class," Cooney said.

"You dirty..." Holmes screamed, "we're gonna fight right now!"

He lunged toward Cooney. During the melee, Holmes accidentally elbowed Cosell in the mouth, slightly cutting his lower lip. Later Holmes said of Cooney, "If he comes in here now, I'll punch him in the mouth. We'll fight for free. Don King offered him \$5 million to fight me. I signed. When he signs I'll talk about him." That may not be for some time. Cooney has already signed to fight WBA champion Mike Weaver in the fall. For mysterious reasons, however, the WBA has ordered that Weaver must first fight James Tillis, who is only the No. 3 contender. But that's another fight...

Still, for Holmes, a new version of the old game has already begun. Hey, Larry, what about Cooney?

NO IFS OR ANDS, SOME BUTTS

When middleweight champion Marvin Hagler and Vito Antuofermo put their heads together, the loser in every way was the bloody challenger **by Clive Gammon**

At the start of each round, Antuofermo's face was unbloody. Two heads or fists would reopen cuts.



It came as everybody knew it would: a bright, ragged blossoming of blood over Vito Antuofermo's brow that coarsened down into his eye sockets and the fissures of his wrecked face. The only surprise was the speed with which it happened: barely 30 seconds into the first round of his challenge for Marvin Hagler's world middleweight title at Boston Garden on Saturday night. An elemental howl from the crowd signaled that the cutting had started and that once again there would be no chance in the world that Antuofermo would finish the fight.

A flurry of rights from Hagler had taken him to the ropes; then, as he straightened to escape, heads collided. An accidental butt, seemingly on Antuofermo's part. But suddenly the mask of blood was there again. Blindly he hung on as more of Hagler's rights pounded him and, with the bell, just as blindly he stared out at

the crowd, oblivious of the necessity for speed in getting the cut attended to. In his corner, assistant trainer Panama Lewis was screaming incomprehensibly and Freddie Brown, Antuofermo's veteran trainer, a cut man of extraordinary skills, was in the middle of the ring, shouting at the referee. Brown contended that Hagler had butted Antuofermo and wanted Referee Davey Pearl to stop the fight and rule it a technical draw. Nearly three minutes passed before the fight was resumed, an extra two minutes that Antuofermo and Brown desperately needed.

And then, coldly, precisely, Hagler went to work on the cut again, opening it once more with a five-blow combination that started with a right uppercut. "I don't care how I did it," the champion said later. "That's the game of boxing." No one could contradict him on that score or blame him for continued



Heads crashed once again during a rare clinch



Thirty seconds into the first, an accidental butt had Antuofermo bleeding badly enough to blur his vision. After that, even his expert cut man had no chance

cynicism. The sad thing was that the fight had to happen at all, that a fighter as skilled and as consummately professional as Hagler had to earn his money this way.

On Thursday, in the dank heat of Provincetown, on Cape Cod, where he was training, Hagler muttered, over and over: "Gonna sweat that mosquito, Vito the Mosquito." He had moved into that semitrance common to many fighters late in their training. That afternoon Hagler worked out for the last time in the ring with Goody Petronelli, his trainer and friend of 11 years, Petronelli simulating Antuoferno's whirl-away style and Hagler countering, coming in under the hooks, working on the combinations. "You got me where you want me," granted Petronelli from the ropes, and the long preparation was over. But Hagler, it seemed, was far away indeed from where he wanted to be himself.

As a mark, maybe, of his increased self-confidence since he took the combined WBA/WBC middleweight title

from Alan Minter in London last September, Hagler has trimmed his mustache down to a less ferocious length. But the head is still austere shaved, and more than a touch of bitterness persists in him. "I've paid my dues, haven't I?" he asked. "Now I'm waiting for some big money."

To dismiss his attitude as avaricious would be unfair. Hagler is one of a handful of fighters of excellence around today, and he has indeed paid his dues in full, especially in the long, lean years when there seemed almost to be a conspiracy to keep the middleweight title out of his hands. And now that he has it, there seem no more worthwhile peaks to conquer and, more practically, no money-drawing names to fight. A little sardonically he will mention possible opponents: the undistinguished Syran, Mustafa Hamsho; Dwight Davison, who is (they must have kept it pretty quiet) the WBC's No. 1 contender; Curtis Parker, Wilford Scypion Antuoferno, at least, was a better

draw than any of these. Even so, Hagler expected to pick up no more than half a million dollars from Saturday's fight. "I'm a million-dollar fighter, aren't I?" he asked reasonably. And certainly he is accomplished enough to stand up in the company of such would-be middleweights as Thomas Hearns and Wilfred Benitez. And yes, Sugar Ray Leonard.

On Leonard's glittering career Hagler casts a cold and envious eye, in particular the instant television contract, the fast title shot and the \$16 million in purses that came with the Duran fights. Hagler has called Leonard "greedy," and said, "One day I will get what I am due. I am very patient."

Three months ago, in Syracuse, N.Y., at the Leonard-Larry Bonds fight, there had been talk of a Leonard-Hagler match. "But they took Hearns instead," said Petronelli. Meanwhile, though, if a convoluted set of circumstances comes about, Hagler might meet Sugar Ray next year. Hagler's title could be next on Leonard's list should Sugar Ray take the junior middleweight title from Ayub Kalule later this month.

At 10 p.m. last Saturday evening, Vito Antuoferno was still in the way. "He's been on my mind a long time," said the champion. Since, indeed, that curious draw the two had fought in Las Vegas in November 1979, a fight Hagler had dominated until the seventh round. Then he had lost pace and allowed Antuoferno to catch up. This time, after Antuoferno's two bloody defeats by Minter—who then had been beaten by Hagler—you couldn't get working odds anywhere around Boston that Marvelous Marvin the Brockton Blackbuster (that's what it says on Petronelli's T shirt) would fail to put Antuoferno away.

In the days before the fight, the craggy-faced Antuoferno sat much of the time in his Boston hotel room, playing solitaire and waiting for the next reporter to walk in and ask him about his supraorbital ridges.

Advance ticket sales for the fight hadn't been great, but the promoters might have hoped for a late lift from lovers of a bloodletting despite the fact that Antuoferno had had his supraorbitals fixed. They are the bony ridges behind the eyebrows—in his case prominent and sharp—that caused the worst of the many cuts he has suffered in the ring. The supraorbitals broke the skin from behind



Antuoferno leaves the ring. Would he fight again? His wordless answer was a grotesque smile.

continued

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when he took a punch, causing blood to stream into his eyes.

And few who saw the fearful, bloody mask that he wore at the end of the eighth round when he failed to regain the title from Minter in London a year ago would have believed Antuofermo would ever fight again. A proven bleeder, Antuofermo was, with a face of paper. Forget him, everybody said. But a few months later, there he was at Hagler's victory party in London, talking about the new doctor he had found.

A surgeon, more precisely, and a neighbor of Antuofermo's on New York's Long Island, Dr. Jerid Acker, who took a look at those supraorbitals, decided they were the cause of all the trouble and planed them down so that they wouldn't cut through so easily. And so, \$4,000 lighter and three days in the hospital later, the new-model Antuofermo emerged, one perhaps without the automatic blood-donor features.

In April he went 10 rounds with Mauricio Aldana, and though he won the decision, he was cut four times—but not on the brows, where the most incapacitating wounds, the blinding kind, used to occur. (If they had, Antuofermo was heard to declare, not altogether jokingly, he would be wanting his \$4,000 back.)

Antuofermo's scarred visage was the focus of all the prefight bantling between the rival camps, symbolized by Freddie Brown's little black bag, which, Petronelli believed, contained all sorts of arcane and illegal substances meant to stanch wounds swiftly. "He's not going to use that hokey-pokey stuff, that axle grease of his, on cuts," said Petronelli. "It's illegal. I have a copy of the rule book, and it says a *Voce* solution of Adrenalin only. Freddie Brown's been around maybe a hundred years—it's hard for him to climb in the ring between rounds—but that don't mean austin'."

The jockeying went on: Even the certification of the weigh-in scale was disputed for a time by Antuofermo's camp. In the end the cut stuff in Brown's bag was cleared, but it would be unavailing. Still, no one could have forecast how swiftly the ax would fall.

The patched-up Antuofermo came out for the third, and Hagler put him down briefly with a straight left. And then that tormented, flailing courage of Antuofermo's was seen for a moment or two as he pressed forward. Effortlessly, Hagler

kept him at bay with steady rights. There was more patching by Brown before the fourth, and then a hard right opened a new cut under the right eye. Finally an apparent butt by Hagler made the worst split of all—just above the same eye. Arms waving, his mouth full of cotton, Brown was in midring again to protest at the bell, but in Antuofermo's corner Tony Carione, Antuofermo's co-manager, had already conceded.

It was called a TKO in the fifth, and for Vito Antuofermo, it should be a TKO to a career. But when asked, inevitably, if he would fight again, a huge grin spread over his face.

As for Hagler, the hard man, what were his plans? "I'm not fighting in Massachusetts again," he said, having given the question some serious thought. "Unless I get a tax break." Sicking to essentials, as usual. That's our Marvin. **END**

Hagler would jump at the chance to fight again. His problem is finding foes to give him a big payday.



Call it the Seven-Per-Cent Problem. A miler running at 15 mph—or four minutes per mile—spends a tenth of his energy just overcoming wind resistance. At least a front-runner does. Those following within a yard or two benefit from the leader's setting the air behind him in motion. Spared 70% to 80% of the resistance of still air, the followers can therefore keep to the leader's pace with approximately 7% less work.

As in cycling and auto racing, the efficacy of such drafting means that in a race among equals the pacesetter practically never wins. Thus the need for sacrificial rabbits in record attempts. Too, this explains the dawdling, wait-and-kick races that usually develop in major rabbitless events like the Olympic 1,500 meters. It means that any miler who wants to go hard the whole way and so approach his true limits not only has the distance and the watch to strain against but also that 7% penalty for taking charge of the pace.

Steve Scott, 25, America's best miler since 1977, has accepted that penalty in almost every important race he has run. He has chosen to simply override it with at least 8% more courage. And each year, inexorably, he has improved, until now he's the second-fastest U.S. miler ever, with best times of 3:51.11 for the mile and 3:33.33 for 1,500 meters, only the thinnest of margins short of Jim Ryun's 14-year-old American records of 3:51.1 and 3:33.1. After winning the Pepsi (3:52.50) and Jumbo Elliott (3:52.26) miles in May, Scott seems a sure bet to finally break Ryun's records this summer in Europe. He is probably capable, on a

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**STEVE
IS, AS
USUAL,
RUNNING**





Can young Steve Scott, miler and soap opera junkie, find happiness and success with a world record? You can bet he'd like to find out

by KENNY MOORE

perfect day, of breaking Steve Ovett's world records of 3:48.8 and 3:31.36 as well. It is always possible, however, that Scott might do just that but not find himself in first place when he crosses the finish line.

Scott's determination to run hard miles has not always pulled him clear of the competition. Twice he has led Ireland's Eamonn Coghlan into the last 440 of indoor miles in San Diego. Twice Coghlan has kicked away to set world indoor records of 3:52.6, in 1979, and 3:50.6, last February. In the Oslo Golden Mile of 1979, Scott escaped from all but one of the field on the third lap, but that one, England's Sebastian Coe, kicked away to win in a world-record 3:49.0. Had Scott not inexplicably relaxed a few steps before the finish, he would have saved the .02 of a second needed to take Ryan's American record.

The refrain after these races was always the same. "You have to give Scott credit for the record," said Coe, for example. "He kept the pace on all the way." Other milers now look to Scott to take the initiative, they plan their races around it. "When Scott didn't lead, it surprised me," said Ireland's Ray Flynn after losing to him in January's Sunbelt Indoor. "I had to rethink the whole race."

Scott's history is one of remarkable doggedness in a craft that quickly separates the truly determined from the merely desirous. "Steve is the most congenial, friendliest, least temperamental of all milers," says Steve Lacy, who finished second to Scott in the Olympic Trials 1,500 a year ago and has run a 3:33.99, the third best by an American.

The California-bred Scott was once willfully lazy; he didn't like to train in high school. That's not a failing now, but Scott remains an unconventional runner, and not solely because he's a golfer and an aficionado of soap operas—neither calling being exactly rampant among serious runners—or because he and his wife, Kim, share their house in Tempe, Ariz. with a half-coyote, half-German shepherd named Tiggers and her puppy. Tubbs Scott is unique, a puzzlement and

an inspiration among milers, because he is at once braver and milder than all the rest.

Dr. Gordon Scott and his wife, Mary, Steve's parents, still live in the low, spacious house they bought in Upland, Calif. when Steve was one. Mary, who has close-cropped hair and a milder version of the curve of Steve's nose, is athletic and brisk. She began running to encourage her son in high school. Gordon, a general practitioner and a man of gentle wit, recalls that he looked on that undertaking with less than great expectations.

"He didn't like discipline. If he didn't want to do something, he simply didn't do it," says Gordon, his expression one of fond perplexity. "For that child to have become a distance runner seems an impossible contrast. From always taking the easy way to choosing an endeavor that represents the hardest possible way is a switch I'll always marvel at."

Switch is perhaps not the most accurate description, for this wasn't an overnight transformation. Steve's older brother, Kendall, now 29 and a doctor, was witness to its beginnings. "Steve's only original interest in cross-country was that it was a means to becoming a four-year letterman," Kendall says, "so he began as a freshman at Upland High. But his idea of training had yet to, uh, evolve. He and a friend, Jimmy Farr, would be at the beach and they'd tell Mom, 'We're going five,' and they'd start off O.K., but then they'd huddle behind the lifeguard tower. After the appropriate time they'd splash on some water and come back, out of breath, saying, 'That was a tough one...'"

Thus, Steve's parents have high praise for the forbearance of Bob Loney, the Upland coach. "He knew all the kids and made an individual approach to each," says Gordon, "but how he got Steve to train... I guess it was success. If Steve had gone years without improvement, I don't think he'd have kept on. In fact, after he got his varsity letter as a freshman, he wasn't going out the next year. I said, 'You're not being true to your

continued



Scott leans to golf when not running or weaving

STEVE SCOTT continued

coach. "I wouldn't let him not go out."

Gordon's convictions didn't spring from long familiarity with running. "We tossed a baseball around for hours," he says, "but I didn't know anything about track. Watching my first cross-country race, I thought I'd never seen such anemic-looking cadavers in my life. I thought, 'This is a sport!'"

That has changed. "Now track meets have become the center of our social life," says Gordon. Mary has become almost a ticket broker for family and friends who go to Steve's races, buying, for example, 150 seats in a block for the Pepsi Meet at UCLA in early May.

In all of the Scott children there's an astonishing abundance of constancy. Kendall married his high school sweetheart, Bonnie Alicia, 27 and a nurse, married her high school sweetheart, Dennis Stout. And Steve, the youngest, married his H.S.S., Kim Votaw. She was his J.H.S.S., actually; they met in the seventh grade. Hanging in the Scotts' Up-land home is a framed montage of photos: Steve and Kim dressed as dominoes, Steve and Kim going to proms, Steve and

Kim posing in a buffalo pasture, in the rain, after graduation, in front of the Christmas tree, kissing. . .

"The first time I met Kim," says Alicia, "I thought she was a real squirrel. 'Course she was only 14." Now, the family agrees that Kim is the best thing that ever happened to Steve, being responsible for the stability that lets him take chances in races and for a lot else. "They've grown together so well," says Mary. "When they got married in 1979, they'd built more trust and been through more than most people who've been married for five years."

"Steve's so nice," says Alicia, her tone seeming to rank nociness with skin diseases. "People can walk all over him."

"It's good he has Kim to protect him," says Mary. "Certainly when they're shopping," says Gordon. "I kind of doubt Steve would be any good in high-pressure business, like sales, because he's incapable of facing another person and being untruthful."

Mary has carried on with her running, too, since those days of demonstrating to her malingering kid that it was easy. She completed her first marathon in 1979, in four hours. "It was great," she says. "I like the idea of patience and steadiness being rewarded."

"She also likes to run down the hot-shot guys who start too fast and hate being passed by a little old lady in tennis shoes," says Gordon.

Mary squirms, self-conscious at that. One is reminded of her son's words af-

ter winning the Sunkist mile, when he was asked if he relished having a killer instinct. "Sure," said Steve. "Uh . . . on the track, anyway."

A visitor arriving at the Phoenix airport moves warily through clusters of white-haired people struggling to lift bags of golf clubs. There's a sudden pressure on his back. "Don't look around," says a low voice, "just keep moving. There's a car waiting." Scott couldn't pull this off if he took acting lessons for a year, and is promptly told so. "Well, there is a car waiting," he says. In it are two friends and houseguests, Dennis Caldwell, a California race organizer, and Tom Wysocki, a national-caliber road racer and 10,000-meter runner whose best time is a respectable 28:19.56.

It is 8:30 on a Monday night, and Phoenix and its surrounding communities leap brightly from the ashen desert, a grid of bright lights to the horizon. "Show you the sights of Tempe," says Scott, and he drives to a bowling alley, where the group is told the next open lane will be available in a couple of days. "We'll wait in the bar," says Caldwell.

Driving on, finding that all the movies have already begun, Scott settles for a visit to Cowboys, a Gilley's-like expanse of lighted floor, bucking bull ride, electronic games and Arizona State cords in black Lycra as waitresses. Clearly in the grip of uncontrollable addiction, Wysocki and Caldwell begin surrendering quarters to Asteroids. continued



All My Children: addicts Steve, Kim, Tiggers and Tabbs gather at home in Tempe for their daily fix

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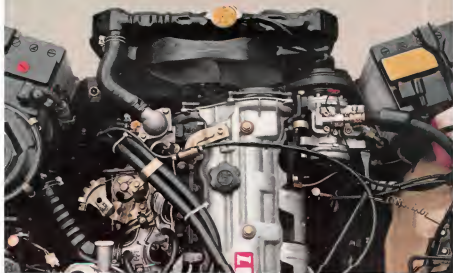
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**Golden
Lights**

Scott watches a succession of young men and women being flung from the mechanical bull, until he is seen by another infrequent patron, 1968 Olympic steeplechase bronze medalist George Young, who lives in nearby Casa Grande. Soon, Young is expounding on the runners of his generation, the prodigious talent of Ryan, the stalwart bravado of Steve Prefontaine. As he speaks, he glances often at Scott, who is quiet and intent and respectful. When Scott has gone to get another round of beers, Young says, "I've never met this kid, but they say he races as tough as anyone."

"Tougher," Young is told. But from his expression, it seems the wily old runner finds it hard to credit.

In the morning, Scott takes a four-mile run around a nearby golf course, pointing out where he, a 12-to-14 handicapper, hit heroic or disastrous shots during his afternoon round the day before. He returns to his home on College Avenue moist and relaxed, leaving his running shoes outside the front door, a house rule.

Kim is cooking breakfast. She is pregnant, expecting in August—Steve will return from European racing for the blessed event—and radiates domesticity. The kitchen is airy, with lots of feminine décor, pastel dishes, rainbows on the shower curtain. "I like rainbows," she says. "Steve likes tigers." So there are recurring photos of tigers, and a tiger statue in the living room. The kitchen is glossed, with a view of the pool, and contains a hutch that holds plates and crystal from Scandinavia and Germany and Austria, the sparkling residue of Steve's last four summer campaigns.

Kim is a respiratory therapist at Tempe Community Hospital. She works with asthma, emphysema and cardiac-arrest patients, known in the trade as "the baggers, the pumpers and the jumpers." She discusses her more interesting cases, including a lady with lice and another whose husband hit her over the head with a hammer. This cheerful patter continues as Kim cooks for four men and washes and hangs up a load of laundry. It is true of both husband and wife, this matter-of-factness about things charged with emotion, whether restarting hearts or running into unconsciousness.

Scott, in fact, has driven himself to near-unconsciousness three times since last fall simply as a favor to a friend, Doug Connolly of the Arizona State Human

Performance Laboratory. To aid Connolly's research Scott did uphill treadmill runs to exhaustion in September, March and June to see if his maximum oxygen consumption, economy of movement and heart rate paralleled his improving race fitness. "Well, I got competitive the last time," says Scott. "I wanted to stay on the thing longer, at a steeper grade than before." He did, but was so tired he ended the session by collapsing on a support and letting his feet drag, uncaring, on the moving belt. "To tell you the truth, although I want to help research, I didn't like the thing," he says. "I know I'm in good shape. I don't need a treadmill to tell me so."

Scott eats breakfast with Tiggers' head resting on his thigh. Dog and master share alternate bites of scrambled egg, from the same fork. "Tiggers sleeps between us every night," says Scott. Then he recalls his impending fatherhood. "Uh, every night but one."

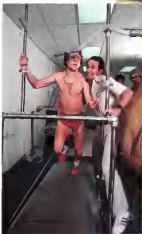
Later, Steve, Kim and Tiggers arrange themselves under an afghan on the couch before the TV. They are faithful watchers of the soaps, following none more de-

votedly than *All My Children*. Indeed, when in New York in February for the TAC Indoor meet, Steve and Kim were permitted to watch the show being taped. Now, as scenes of seduction, wife-beating, seduction, alcoholism, seduction, parental neglect and seduction slather across the screen, Scott is distracted by a constantly ringing phone.

"... Well, I had a talk with my coach and he doesn't think it's really necessary for me to have an agent at this time," he tells one caller, rolling his eyes. This causes loud exclamations on the other end. Scott patiently soothes the man and hangs up. "Always got to treat anger with kindness," he says.

"Yeah," says Wysocki. "It ticks 'em off even more. But Steve isn't always a marshmallow. At the Olympic Trials he got a dozen of us watching this..." continued

An endurance test at Arizona State was all uphill for Scott, and ended in collapse.





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program and made a reporter wait until it was over."

The trials of miseries can't keep ahead of Kim. She knows the front doors of all the characters. "I've watched this show for 12 years," she says with fierce defensiveness. "It's an American tradition."

At the soap's teasing conclusion, Kim races off to work. Scott slowly dresses for his afternoon workout, which will be on the track at Arizona State, where he's a part-time assistant to his coach, Len Miller. (Scott is also an employee of a running-wear firm.)

"You're right. I didn't like running mileage in high school," he says. "I loved the camaraderie of the team, though, and I loved to race." And he had a fair amount of talent, evidenced by a 1:52 for 800 meters his senior year.

Scott wasn't heavily recruited, except by Miller, then the coach at U.C.-Irvine. Scott went with him because of an almost instant sensation of trust. "He was concerned with improving you as a person, not just a runner," Scott says. "He didn't promise any shortcuts, but the feel-

ing of caring and self-confidence really shone through."

The Arizona State track has orange trees around the outside of the first turn. Miller, a dark-haired, businesslike man, watches the varsity do its stretching exercises and turns the workout over to assistants to be free to time Scott through two sets of decreasing-distance intervals, the first of 605, 550, 495 and 440 yards, the second of 550, 495, 440 and 330. These Scott will do without knowing his times, the better to run as he feels.

"Every year we try to include a new element in his training," says Miller as Scott warms up. "Something that we have some rational basis for assuming will improve his performances." He speaks of a weakness that is currently being worked on. "When Steve shifts over to hard sprinting carriage and posture, he loses some of his efficiency of movement. So this year we've cut the volume of his intervals on the track and increased the intensity, in hopes of smoothing out the really fast running."

Scott sets off on his 605-yard run, passing the 440 in 56.9. He runs erect, with a stride that cannot be called effortless. The 550 segment is at a 57 pace all the way, the 495 at exactly the same speed, then the 440 in a 56.4—a 57 pace happens to work out to a 3:48.0 mile. His arms aren't just carried, as are Coe's or Coghlan's, but work vigorously, imparting force. The top of his head as he goes down the backstretch is steady.

While Scott jogs an 880 between sets, Miller says, "In the seven years we've been together, this is the first time we've ever done this exact workout. The reason is that coaches and athletes have favorite workouts, checkpoints to give them confidence. The trap is what happens if you do that special set of 660s, or whatever, and the times don't show progress? Where's the confidence then? So we do things a little differently each time, and we end up asking each other what we think, and that's usually pretty positive."

Such is the case on this day, as Scott powers through the second set about a second per 440 faster than the first. His jaw twists to the side with the effort in the last few yards of each run, and his eyes close gratefully as he slows. As he trots between intervals, though blowing hard, he's the same affable young man he was over breakfast, but as he heads into each new run, a mask of concentration snaps over his face and his eyes

focus on some distant point. "Stay tall now," says Miller, and Scott visibly lifts.

Miller trots with him before the last 330, elated over how well Scott is doing. "A lot of his workouts are more exciting than his races," he says. "The races are just the product of the training." The 330 is done in 38.9, which is a 52-second 440 pace, and Scott stamps his foot on the finish line in celebratory salute.

After he has cooled out, Miller shows him a page with his times carefully noted. Scott quickly reads them and glances up for Miller's assessment. Miller turns over the sheet to show him a drawing he has done there, a little smiling face. It seems an appropriate note of sweetness in this severe context, a transition back to the restrained, soft-edged world that Scott had left for a while there.

They go to Miller's office in the athletic department, passing planters of cactus and lavender lanterns. There they address the central issue of Scott's career, how he was transformed into a man able to do what he has just done. Miller begins by assessing the raw material.

"When he came to Irvine, Steve was not into excellence." He looks steadily at his grinning subject. "His commitment was to frivolity. I don't think he ever got to bed before eleven..."

"That's giving me some," Scott chimes in.

"And I don't think he ran in the morning more than twice that first year."

"Once."

"But he had strong family backing."

"The first day we did an ungodly amount of mileage," says Scott. "I'd never been on a 10-mile run before. I was homesick. I missed Kim. I called my mom after three days and said I wanted to leave Irvine."

"That wasn't the record," says Miller. "Some other kid I had wanted to quit after a day and a half. Anyway, Steve's mother said maybe after a year he could reconsider, but not three days."

"That was family backing?" says Scott.

"His strength was in his being a positive, appreciative person. Without making a big deal out of it, he enjoys life, enjoys the give and take of a team."

It seems that it was Scott's attachment to his teammates that pulled him through. "Eric Hulst was an animal on off-track training," says Miller, "and Ralph Serna had a great aptitude for distance as well as a unique sense of humor, and they helped his transition from a runner who



Scott edged Coghlan (2) in the Sunkist meet

continued



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June 7

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seek my goals with passion; but
enjoy the rewards in moderation.
It's that kind of thinking that
makes Father's Day as special
to me as you are.

Happy Father's Day!
Love
Jerry

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of drinking only
in moderation.

trained only on the track to one who does 90% of his work away from it. He roomed with Ed Ahlmeier, a steeplechaser and an all-American fan at the same time. Because Steve went out of his way to like and encourage these guys, they evolved into a support group for him."

It's not unusual, given common goals and the unifying force of hard labor, for a training group to become tightly loyal to its own. "One day I shouted at John Koningh, a fine miler who was always about 3% too carefree for my taste," says Miller. "Steve felt I was abusing John. We had hill work scheduled, and I got up above and I could hear Steve down below calling me an SOB, defaming me something terrible. . . ."

Scott eases back in his chair and closes his eyes, enjoying this.

"I went down the hill and said, 'Who said that?' Steve dutifully raised his hand. 'You're suspended. Talk to you later.' But at the top of the hill he's still there, saying, 'Can't I be suspended after the workout?' I said no. And from then on it was the greatest workout I ever saw . . . for all of them. They knew if I'd suspend Steve, I'd suspend my mother."

"I got back to the office and Steve was there."

"Got something to say?"

"Yep."

"What?"

"I wouldn't have called you an SOB if I'd known you could hear me."

"We laughed and had a talk, and I allowed that I probably hadn't acted in the manner of a gentleman coach in the way I'd offended him. And after that he took me more seriously, at least when I was in carshot, and I took him the same."

Scott's miling education seems to have advanced by means of several such lesson-rich passages. As a freshman in 1975, dearly wanting to earn the U.S.A. uniform that came with a first or second in the Junior Nationals, he won his semifinal but didn't have the stamina yet to race well on successive days. "Steve Lacy went by him in the final like Steve was wearing cement boots," recalls Miller. "And Paul Buttermark put him into third. On the plane I said, 'Learn anything?'"

"Yep."

"I've got to work harder, get more mileage."

"It was perfect," Miller says now. "Rather than my trying to shove it down his throat, he grasped it all himself. The

end of that summer he said he realized he had some talent and he meant to see how good he could be. That was his first clear commitment."

Then came the 1976 Olympic Trials. Though Scott hadn't made the Olympic qualifying standard, Miller hounded meet officials about their responsibility to promising young runners until they let Scott in. "But my brother was getting married on the day of the finals," says Scott. "I had reservations home every day in case I didn't keep advancing." He missed the wedding because he made the finals, and he might have made the team

win an indoor race, but now he has everyone mastered except Coghlan."

In fact, indoors and out, Scott has run more sub-four-minute miles than any other American. "And biased as I am," says Miller, "I'm sure that if Steve had been in the Olympics, the 1,500 would have been four or five seconds faster. [Coe won in Moscow in 3:38.40 and later beat Scott in Zurich in their one meeting of 1980, 3:32.19 to 3:33.33.] The races in three days at the Games is different than one shot," says Miller. "Each day his strength would've been more of a factor."



Scott ran the fastest mile ever outdoors in the East (3:52.26) to beat Sydney Meeus in the Elliott meet

but for a suicidal early pace of 1:51.3 for the first 800 set by Ohio State's Tom Byers. "I lost contact," says Scott. "But making the finals did something to me. I came home a lot more intense, not disappointed but ready to keep on."

In 1977 Scott outlasted Kenya's Wilson Waigwa to win the AAU 1,500 and made his first European tour. "Racing in Europe is the Ph.D. program for runners who have their B.A. and M.A. from U.S. meets," says Miller.

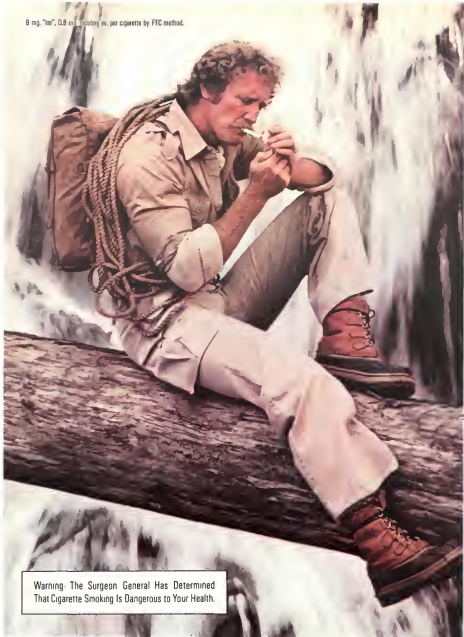
The main thing Scott has proved is that he concedes nothing. "If somebody's beaten him 20 times in a row, Steve isn't intimidated by that," says Miller. "It took him 15 or 16 tries over three years to

Each day now it's more of a factor, because it keeps mounting. "With Kim and Len and my family on my side, I have everything I could possibly need," says Scott, driving back home through a ridiculously gaudy Arizona sunset. "If I do poorly, they know why and we fix it. If I win, I get modest rewards but no swelled heads are permitted."

So the road leads only up and up. "I can't conquer the mile," he says. "It's not like climbing a mountain. No matter what I do, there's always a new level I can reach. It's the nature of the sport. And I guess that fits in fine with my own nature, being momentarily happy, then looking ahead."

END

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In 1976 Bjorn Borg was 20, narrow, bony, his gentle, blank face swallowed up in hair—a golden child. By then he had fashioned an impenetrable defensive ground game, one not treated in the instruction books. He already had the speed and that blazing, special spin and was well on his way to maturing physically and developing his serve, his staying

power, his implacability. But always he had had desire and discipline. He would practice, practice, practice. That's what he did the best of all players—and then did again and again and still does. More than anything, this sets him apart. Borg's appetite for the hard labor of the practice court is truly supreme. It, perhaps, is much as his natural talent, *continued*



Bjorn Borg has had several close shaves at Wimbledon, but he hasn't lost in five years. The secret may be a private ritual the preceding fortnight

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

THE BEARD HAS BEGUN

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a lit matchstick, igniting a pile of dark charcoal briquettes. The matchstick is positioned vertically, with its flame touching the charcoal. The background is dark and out of focus.

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Transferring to the damp, slippery grass of Wimbledon after the more familiar hot red clay of the preceding tournament, the French Open, had been for Borg in his teens what a dangerous stroll down the lane following a romp in the bramblebush was for B'rrer Rabbit. By 1976 he understood the differences in footing, timing and bounce. He wanted Wimbledon so badly. He had learned, worked, practiced, built the monster first serve under a cloak of secrecy, and wonder of wonders, he won the championship without the loss of a set. Now he has won the tournament five straight times. Last week Borg arrived in England to begin the quest for Wimbledon No. 6.

MONDAY, JUNE 8: After a flight from Paris, Borg arrives at the Sheraton-Park Tower Hotel in Knightsbridge at about 3 p.m. He is accompanied by his wife, Mariana, and his mentor, Lennart Bergelin. To each other, the three are known as Scumpule (darling in Romanian, Mariana's native tongue), Scumpo (the feminine derivative) and Laban (monkey or clown in Swedish).

The night before, on the Champs-Elysees, the celebration had lasted till daybreak. On Sunday Borg had won his sixth French Open while his friends, members of the rock group Fleetwood Mac and actor Lee Majors, watched from his private box. Later Majors took the group on the town, to Castel's and Elysees Matignon, where an avid fan made advances to Borg. The fan was male. Scumpo was concerned about Scumpule until the Nastase's bodyguard, Bambino, interceded. "All he wanted were some kisses," said Majors to Borg with a smile.

In London the Borgs and Bergelin take adjoining suites on the 10th floor overlooking the waters of the Serpentine in Hyde Park. The view is spectacular. Harrod's is nearby. The Moody Blues are at the Royal Albert Hall down the road. (Borg is a rock fan.) All the joys and sights of London are spread before him. But, except for tennis and an occasional foray on behalf of P.R., Borg won't leave his room—"Room service is great," he says—much less the hotel, for a solid month.

This will be Borg's 10th Wimbledon. He knows London's roundabouts, but he doesn't exactly know London. Within 48 hours of his arrival, riding past a two-

block-long Georgian building, he will look out the window of his car and, amazed, say, "What is that?" It will be the British Museum.

The hotel is a novel experience, too. Borg stayed at the Park Lane in his first title year, but for the last four Wimbledon he moved to the Holiday Inn at Swiss Cottage, away from the bustle, in northwest London. It was quiet, close to the practice courts. Room service was great there, too. This year the Borg "people"—i.e., Mark McCormack's International Management Group—asked for a reduced rate. Translation: free. After all, it's tougher than ever getting by on two million a week. Holiday Inn said this was no holiday.

Bergelin, the mother hen, fretting, is unhappy about the move, but Borg thinks it's O.K. He will leave for practice in the morning before the stewardesses check in and come back before the Arab sheikhs check out. Nobody else bothers him. If the lobby is crowded, he will stay on the elevator to the basement garage.

TUESDAY, JUNE 9: This will be Borg's second and last day without tennis until he finishes playing at Wimbledon. He is taken two hours out of London to Silverstone, the Formula 1 racetrack, where he

shakes hands with Saab dealers and test-drives a new model of the car, which is one of his principal endorsements. "I don't go fast," he says.

Mariana Borg says of Bergelin, "He is Bjorn's home. He is Sweden." Bergelin, now more adviser, secretary, masseur and compatriot than coach, arranges Borg's schedule in England, but always at the whim of the weather. It's another soggy spring in London. Bergelin defines Borg's priorities: "I keep Bjorn's head clear." Bergelin's phone conversation with a journalist defines what he means by clear.

"Hello, Lennart?"

"Ya, dat's me."

"I wonder if I might speak with Bjorn?"

"No, no. He doesn't want to talk to anybody or see anybody or do anything but tennis. He tell me dat."

"Could I just watch practice one day?"

"No, no. He don't want anything but tennis. He tell me dat."

"How about if I just hang around and talk to you?"

"No, no. He don't want anything but tennis. He tell me dat."

"How about if I jump in the Serpentine and drown?"

"No, no. He don't want anything but tennis. He tell me dat."

continued



Borg always plays Wimbledon tournaments for grueling workouts on the Cumberland Club's greenstead.



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Later, in the lobby, the same reporter approaches Borg with his requests. "For sure, no problem," Borg says. Honest. Borg told the journalist that.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10: Superstition envelops the Borg family like the shroud of a Swedish winter. In 1979 Borg's father, Rune, and his 72-year-old grandfather, Martin Andersson, were fishing off their private island of Kätilö while listening to a radio broadcast of the French final between Borg and Victor Pecci. After Borg's grandfather spit once, simultaneous with a Borg point, he continued to spit into the sea for the duration of the match and arrived home with a sore throat. Borg won in four sets.

That same year at Wimbledon, Borg's mother, Margarethe, eating candy for good luck in the competitors' stand, spit out the sweet when Borg reached triple match point in the final against Roscoe Tanner. When Tanner rallied to deuce, Margarethe fetched the candy off the grimy floor and put it back into her mouth. Borg won.

The elder Borgs go to the French only in even years, to Wimbledon only in odd ones—purely out of superstition. Likewise, the habits of their son. Borg has his rackets strung by only one man, Mats Laftman, in Stockholm. (During the two weeks of Paris this year Borg broke strings in 52 rackets. "My new record," he says.) Before each match Borg must have his tennis bag packed just so. He must have his 10 rackets lined up in descending order of "ping"—or tightness of tension on the strings. Mariana calls Borg's testing system the night before a match "a harpsichord recital—the music of the spheres." He must have a car with a stereo radio and must take the same road over the Hammersmith Bridge to Wimbledon. He must sleep 10 hours nightly, preferably with one of his hands under his head. "For relaxation," he says. "A productive stereotype must not be changed." The beard starts exactly four days before the All-England Championships. Then there's the Cumberland Club.

Guillermo Vilas brought Borg to the small, 1,000-member professional men's club in Hampstead in 1976. There Borg sparred with Vilas and Adriano Panatta and toiled two hours a day on his serve. He shifted his stance to correct an errant toss, the change enabling him to hit the ball out front. Slowly he gained rhythm,

continued



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Majors did the town with the blond Borg in Paris and then visited her at a London practice site

BORG contempd

power, accuracy. And he won. "It is so private here," Borg says. "You pass the club and you can't see they even have courts. This is so good."

The resident stewards have retired since that magical beginning, but many of the reliables remain: Bill Blake, the club pro; Pepe, the groundsman; Peggy Kay, the nice woman who fixes Borg's lunch. Often Bergelin has words with Pepe over the playability of the constantly mowed-on grass. But seldom does Borg's menu change: meats, salad, bread, coffee and a horrible drink concocted of black-currant syrup and carbonated lemonade. Borg swigs the stuff by the quart. "It helps my backhand," he says, grinning.

The workout is long and exhausting. Borg practices with Bergelin for five hours. The champion rallies, serves and volleys, gets accustomed to the surface. The session is interrupted only by two hours for rest and lunch. Mariana has a stomach virus and leaves. Bergelin, 56, a three-time quarterfinalist at Wimbledon, rips apart two nasty blisters on his racket hand. It is Bergelin's birthday. "Blisters and champagne," says Borg.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11: An overnight deluge has left the Cumberland courts under water and Bergelin out of sorts. It is always a scramble to get court time in London. During storm tides on the Thames every-

one hustles indoors to the Vanderbilt Club in central London. The Vanderbilt is the only place Borg is likely to see any of his tour brethren. He practices twice here today.

Most players strike a delicate balance in the fortnight before Wimbledon, playing a tournament one week and practicing the other. John McEnroe, for instance, will win Queens on Sunday for the third year in a row. Borg gets his competitive edge by playing—and winning—all those matches in Paris. What he needs in London, then, isn't tests but time.

All official entrants are allowed to practice three days at Wimbledon. Former champions are welcomed any day. But everyone's playing time is limited, almost nonexistent in fact. And nobody is permitted on the Centre and No. 1 courts where Borg plays all his matches. So, the Holder makes only a couple of token practice appearances before the opening of the tournament.

The hotel elevator door opens and a long-haired fellow inside the car points at another long-hair standing outside it. "Say, aren't you Vreytus Jere-you-tye-lus." It is Borg, inside the car, joking.

"I used to be," says Gerulaitis.

In 1977 these two quicklikes and the best of friends contested a Wimbledon semifinal that for sustained drama and brilliant shotmaking over five sets may have been the best match ever played at

the All-England Club. Gerulaitis, who's 0-17 against Borg, hasn't come close since. Nonetheless, for the fourth straight year the two are practicing together. This time Gerulaitis, having gone through several coaches while in a prolonged slump, has brought along the venerated transplanted Aussie coach, Harry Hopman. "The beauty of these boys' workouts is that they get so much match play in," says Hop. "Other people might have different aims or goals when they practice, but Vias is confident enough to go for the lines and bottle just like in a tournament. This is exactly what Bjorn needs. There is a sense of urgency in their games."

The personalities of the two players couldn't be more different, and that's the attraction. They draw from each other things that they can't provide for themselves. Gerulaitis, the disco kid, begs for some of the control and discipline Borg symbolizes. In turn, Gerulaitis seems to keep Borg loose, opens him up to the social glitter and often everts the high-pitched, soprano Borg guggle that comes as such a shock to anyone vaguely familiar with his tedious public stoicism.

"This Oakland guy, Billy Martin, he is always getting in trouble," Borg says.

"So, anyway, listen, the guy bumps umpires and, listen, throws dirt and..." Gerulaitis raps on in his staccato narrative. "So, listen, just think what would happen to us if we threw dirt on a guy?"

The Borg giggle goes on and on.

FRIDAY, JUNE 12: The Bionic Man returns. Lee Majors—whiskers, shades, snakeskin boots, six million dollar tan—shows up for Borg's first day of practice with Gerulaitis under Wimbledon conditions. Wet-on-green. "I'm third seed in this crowd," Majors says.

In a blue Saab, Bergelin, driving, operates the window like a robot: shut when moving, down at stoplights. "He must not take the breeze," Bergelin says of Borg.

Stevie Nicks wails *Rhiannon* from the tape cassette. "Too loud," Bergelin says.

"You get bonus points if you hit that one," Borg says as Bergelin just misses separating a fat lady from her bike.

Because Cumberland is again soaked, Bergelin has arranged practice at the Lensbury Club, an enormous athletic facility in southwest London. There are parrots in the lounge, an aquarium in the sitting room, fountains on the back lawn.

In the cold, misty morning, hardly any-

continued

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For the last 10 days Bjorn hasn't seen much of anyone except Bergelin and Mariana Borg (left) and practice partner Gerulaitis (below)



BORG continued

one notices as Borg and Gerulaitis warm up on one of the four grass courts far across the cricket pitch from the massive clubhouse. The workout seldom varies. A half hour of rallying, tentative, to get the feel of the turf. A couple of hours of serious, tough games and sets. Pause for lunch and more black-currant lemonade. Ugh! Then another short warmup and another two hours of points.

Borg's behavior during his private practice regimen is virtually the same as it is at tournaments in front of millions. Billy Martin—the tennis player, not the Oakland guy—has said that on the island, Kattilo, Borg smashes rackets, screams and then breaks up laughing during practice. At Lensbury his single-minded concentration is interrupted only by an occasional giggle. And, oh, how he works. Running for every ball. Crashing into the fence. Acknowledging fine shots from either side of the net with the solitary word "beauty." Borg pronounces it in three syllables, accent middle be-YOU-tee.

Gerulaitis scores a lei-cord winner. Borg turns his back, drops his warmup pants and sticks out his rear end. "Now you know what it feels like when you do

that four times a game," Gerulaitis yells.

The eye contact between the two is warm and mirthful, the sportsmanship sincere. Each is trying to beat the other's brains out. Gerulaitis struggles mightily. He wins 12 of the first 16 points in the morning session and serves for the set at 5-3, but Borg fights him off and breaks. In a marathon, no-tiebreaker encounter Gerulaitis earns a set point in the 14th game, two more in the 16th, another in the 18th. Just as if it were the real thing, Borg refuses to give in.

From back at the fence Borg races for Gerulaitis' tricky tap overhead and converts it into a winner. "Bitch," says Borg, smiling at his friend. Laboriously he repeats and repeats his approach-and-volley technique. Out of position, Borg wheels and volleys into the open court with his left hand. "I've seen it all today," Gerulaitis says, chuchiling helplessly. "You're moving so amazing."

"Yeah, I'm happy," Borg says.

Finally, Borg breaks to lead 10-9, even though he is behind in points, 54-57. The competition has pushed, pulled and driven him to the heights. And it's only his second day on the grass. He will not be beaten. The champion winds up and fires. One ... two ... three aces. "Not bad,

not bad," Bergelin chirps. "Now how about the fourth?" Borg unloads again, but this time Gerulaitis gets his racket on the ball. The weak return finds Borg on the attack. He closes. The point and set are his. Gerulaitis slams a ball to the backstop. He has lost once more. Borg's thin smile breaks the tension.

Afterward, the players kibitz over their plans that evening. Gerulaitis will party with Majors. Borg will return to the hotel, to room service and to gin rummy with Mariana, his beloved Scumpo.

In the Lensbury Club parking lot, Borg gathers his belongings, poses for pictures and signs autographs for neighborhood children. He starts to ride away. Bergelin has almost driven out of the driveway when Borg suddenly orders the car stopped. He has noticed one little girl standing awestruck, disconsolate. He tells Bergelin to back up. Borg rolls down the window and asks the girl if he missed her. He signs her book. She's speechless.

"So obliged," her father says.

"Don't mention it," Borg says.

Only then does the car speed off, the window rolling up as it goes. He is such a be-YOU-tee, this Bjorn Borg. And the Wimbledon champion must not take the breeze.

It's 3,630 and holding

Last week's strike came at a bad time for Pete Rose and other record chasers

At about 12:30 a.m. last Thursday, long after the fans and players had gone home, 3,631 balloons were released into the sky above Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia. The balloons were supposed to have gone aloft when Pete Rose passed Stan Musial on the alltime National League hit list, but Rose had gotten only a lone single off Houston's Nolan Ryan that night, just enough to tie Stan the Man at 3,630. There was no reason to keep the balloons around because they would deflate long before the baseball strike ran out of gas. Everyone expected the strike to start the next day.

Though Rose will certainly get his record as soon as play resumes—whenever that will be—a lot of other potential marks may have flown away last week. Montreal rookie Tim Lincecum already had 50 stolen bases in the Expos' 55 games, which would have been enough to lead the National League in 46 different seasons since 1900 and every year from 1924 through 1961. At that pace, Lincecum would have swiped 147 bases this season, 29 more than the record set by Lou Brock in 1974. Brock didn't steal his 50th that year until the 69th game. Lincecum still could catch Brock—if the strike lasts a month or less.

Baseball's other sensational newcomer, Fernando Valenzuela of the Dodgers, had two rookie marks within easy reach. With less than two-thirds of the season remaining, his five shutouts were three shy of the modern major league record set in 1913 by Ewell Russell, and his 103 whiffs had given him a good start on Herb Score's rookie strikeout mark of 245, established in 1955. Valenzuela also had a shot at the major league record for shutouts in a season by a left-hander—11, set by Sandy Koufax in 1963.

Among other non-rookie marks that seemed likely to fall until the strike started was John Miller's 38 saves for Detroit in 1973. The Yankees' Rich Gossage already had 17.

Musial was also about to be passed in another category: consecutive games played. Steve Garvey was only three games short of tying Stan the Man at 895, fifth best on the alltime list. But even without the strike, Lou Gehrig's record of 2,130 seems unbeatable: Garvey would have had to play every game through 1988 to pass him on the last day of the season. "As for now," says Garvey, "the streak has just been put on hold."

Also holding is Gaylord Perry, whose five wins for Atlanta this year leave him only six away from the very exclusive 300-victory club. And the strike put a halt to his assault on Walter Johnson's ca-

reer record of 3,508 strikeouts. Perry is next with 3,308. In hot pursuit, too, are Nolan Ryan (3,185), Steve Carlton (3,063) and Tom Seaver (3,040).

The strike, though, may have been a godsend for the Blue Jays, Cubs and Twins, all of whom were headed toward the worst seasons in their history. And at the pace he was going, Atlanta's Tommy Boggs would have finished 1981 with a 3-30 record.

At the Elias Sports Bureau, where Seymour Sawloff stands sentinel over baseball's statistics, business was not as usual. "I'm not appreciating any of this rest," said Sawloff. "I don't want to even think about it. I'm just trying to escape by cleaning up and keeping busy. Because, if I think about it... this isn't real. But it is real, isn't it?"

Too real.

THE WEEK

June 8-11

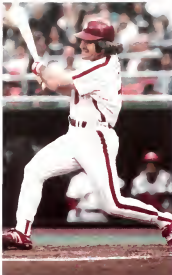
by HERM WEISKOPF

NL EAST As far as the Expos (3-0) are concerned, home is where the victories are. After dropping the last five games of a 1-6 road trip, it was back to Montreal, where Warren Cromaine called a players' meeting. "We need leadership, more discipline, more concentration," he said. Whenever a took, the Expos had plenty of it as they tore apart the Braves (2-1, 11-2 and 7-0, with Steve Rogers getting two hits and hurling the shutout. In those three outings Montreal batted .351 and improved its home record to 21-7. For the week Andre Dawson hit .600, had five RBIs and four doubles. Tim Lincecum batted .500, scored six runs, drove in five and swiped five bases.

Tug McGraw of the Phillies (3-0) had a slight of' time, which is to say he was able to repeatedly slap his right thigh with his gloved hand—a favorite move after he mows down batters. McGraw came on in relief against Houston to save a 4-3 victory for Dick Ruthven (8-3) and a 5-4 win for Steve Carlton (9-1).

When is a single a two-run homer? When the ball gets by an outfielder and rolls to the wall. George Hendrick of the Cardinals (2-1)

continued



After tying Musial with this base hit against Ryan, Rose struck out in his next three appearances



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Actual highway mileage and California ratings lower.

was credited with such a hit—an inside-the-park homer—when his liner to right was charged by Pedro Guerrero, who failed to make a shoestring catch in L.A. lost 2-1.

"I know a couple people who can't wait to fry my posterior for this trade," said Cub General Manager Herman Franks after sending Pitcher Rick Rutschel to the Yankees for Pitcher Doug Bird, a player to be named later (probably promising minor league Infielder Pat Tabler) and an undisclosed amount of cash. "But I don't care. I can take the heat." There had been plenty of heat on all the Cubs (3-46) since the season began, but they took care of it last week by sweeping three games from the Giants.

The Mets (40-3) had more errors (seven) than runs (six). That gave the New Yorkers 72 mistakes in 52 games.

Rain didn't dampen the spirits of the Pirates (10-2), who were bogged down by injuries and, therefore, rather pleased to have two games washed out.

**PHIL 34-21 STL 30-20 MONT 30-25
PIT 25-23 NY 17-34 CH 15-37**

NL WEST "Frank gives a player a lot of rope, but he holds on to the other end," said Padre Catcher Terry Kennedy of Manager Frank Howard. Kennedy might have been benched by some sleepers after he threw out only nine of the first 54 base stealers who challenged him this season. But, given ample rope—and tips from Coach Clyde McCullough—Kennedy stayed behind the plate and lassoed seven of the nine most recent would-be thieves. There was convincing proof of Kennedy's improvement last week: He twice gunned down Pittsburgh's Omar Moreno. Gary Lucas picked up his ninth and 10th saves as the Padres (2-0), 500 since May 9, continued to improve.

Whack! George Foster of the Reds (3-0) stroked his fourth hit of the night as Cincinnati scored four times in the ninth for an 8-4 triumph and the start of a three-game sweep in New York. Zap! Foster crunched a 440-foot homer in support of Mario Soto, who fanned 12 Mets in beating them 2-0. Boom! Foster's three-run homer beat New York 5-2.

There were no lively sounds from Dodger bats, which produced nothing louder than a few doubles. Three two-baggers, however, came during a 4-1 win in St. Louis. That victory, a three-hitter by Jerry (Rolo) Reuss, helped keep Los Angeles (1-2) in first.

Houston, Atlanta and San Francisco were all 0-3. The Astros' pitchers went sour, giving up 10 runs in one loss and squandering a 4-0 lead in another. With their giving up 34 hits and 19 walks, the Braves were outscored 30-3. The Giants batted a paltry .177.

**LA 36-21 CH 35-21 HOU 28-29
ATL 25-29 SF 22-32 SD 23-33**

AL WEST Three Minnesota Twins (2-2) found what they were looking for in three different places: for Roger Erickson it was in the bullpen; for Fernando Arroyo it was in front of a mirror; for Ron Jackson it was in a hypnotist's office. Throwing the breaking pitch he had developed during an earlier stint in the bullpen, Erickson broke his four-game losing streak by defeating the Brewers 1-0. Jackson drove in the game's only run, and Reliever Doug Corbett put down the final four batters.

Arroyo indulged in a routine he had used in recent weeks, namely, standing in front of a mirror and talking to himself. "Tonight I said, 'You're great,'" Arroyo revealed. "You can do it." Arroyo did it against Milwaukee, winning 3-1. Jackson, who hadn't had a game-winning hit all season, got his second of the week when he slammed a two-run double. He gave much of the credit for his newfound clutch-hitting ability to sessions with Harvey Miel, a hypnotist.

Rick Honeycutt's 8-1 triumph over the Tigers moved the Rangers (2-2) into first place by one percentage point. Chairman of the Board Eddie Chiles was so elated that he went to the clubhouse before the next night's game and congratulated each player. By the time the evening had ended, though, Texas was back in second place, having lost to Detroit 5-0, while Oakland (2-1) swept a doubleheader from Baltimore.

Mike Squires batted .533, Ed Farmer and Lamar Hoyt each earned his seventh save, and Richard Dotson pitched his fourth shut-out to keep the White Sox (4-0) on the go.

For most of the season, Freddie Patek of the Angels (4-0) had done little more than run "two or three miles every day and take 20 to 30 wind sprints." Patek's preparedness paid off last week as he took over at second base for Bobby Grich, who was out with a broken hand. Three RBIs by Patek paved the way for a 7-2 defeat of the Red Sox.

The spikes belonged to Richie Zisk of the Mariners (2-2), but the scurrying feet were those of Julio Cruz, who had borrowed the shoes because his own had cracked. Thus shod, Cruz stole his 32nd base in a row, tying the league record set by Willie Wilson of Kansas City last year. Floyd Bannister yielded only two hits while beating Boston 2-0.

Junior Quirk's three-run pinch double in the eighth put Kansas City (2-2) in front of Toronto 7-5 and on the way to a 10-5 triumph. Lee May poked his 2,000th career hit, and Hal McRae batted .571.

**QAK 37-23 TEX 33-22 CH 31-22 CAL 31-29
KC 26-30 SEA 21-35 MIN 17-39**

AL EAST It took him two years on the job, but Manager Sparky Anderson finally admitted that the lavish predictions he'd made for the Tigers when he took over in Detroit were based more on

his own enthusiasm than on their talents. "There's no way in the world I'm going to change what they are," Anderson said. "I know that now. My biggest mistake was being too eager." While Anderson hit the brakes a bit, his players stepped on the gas, winning three of four games. In only his second start in three years, Aurelio Lopez was a 5-0 winner over Texas. Kevin Saucier went the final three innings in relief and got his seventh save. Then it was on to Minnesota, where a 4-2 triumph made Jack Morris the league's first nine-game winner and lifted Detroit to fifth place. Tom Brookens slugged a three-run homer the next day, helping to beat the Twins 7-2 as the Tigers won for the 10th time in their last 12 games and moved up to fourth.

A pair of wins in Kansas City enabled New York (2-2) to remain in first. The second came when the Yankees fought back from a 5-1 deficit for an 8-5 victory, their ninth in a row.

Mike Flanagan and Tim Stoddard of the Orioles (1-3) combined on a three-hitter that beat the A's 3-1. For Stoddard it was the first save in 24 days.

Pete Vuckovich ended a four-game Milwaukee (1-3) losing streak by beating Texas 6-3 for his eighth win in a row, tying the club mark for consecutive victories by a pitcher.

That wasn't a wooden Indian who failed to run out a grounder in the second inning, tossed his bat in the air after popping up in the fourth and stood at home plate and

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

AMOS OTIS: The Kansas City outfielder hit .529, drove across six runs, scored three times, slotted four doubles and two triples, and stole a base. His two-run double in the eighth inning broke a tie and beat Toronto 7-4.

watched his pop fly land in the third baseman's glove in the sixth as Cleveland lost to California 4-3. No, that was Joe Charboneau of the Indians (0-3). Charboneau, bothered by a bad back, was hitting .208. Twenty-three days after being on top of the division, Cleveland fell to sixth.

Third Baseman Carney Lansford of the Red Sox (2-2) has also been hampered by nagging backaches. So, while in California to play the Angels, he visited a chiropractor. "I couldn't believe what my hips look like," said Lansford after seeing X rays that showed his left leg to be 1½ inches shorter than his right. "The imbalance is causing my back problems," added Lansford, who hadn't been able to play in the field since June 1.

Helping keep the Blue Jays (0-4) last was a 3-0 loss to the White Sox, the 11th time Toronto had been shut out this season.

**NY 34-22 BAL 31-23 MIL 31-25 DET 31-26
BOS 30-26 CLE 26-24 TOR 16-42**

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Having shut off the unofficial scoreboard clock for the remainder of the evening, the directors of last week's Città di Firenze track meet in the Stadio Comunale in Florence, Italy were giving the stadium's official timing system a precautionary once-over. Earlier in the evening, when Carl Lewis of the U.S. had won the 100-meter dash, the clock had flashed an astonishing 9.92—.03 of a second better than Jim Hines' world record set in 1968—and had created molto *clanore* among the 15,000 spectators. The problem was that Lewis' actual time had been 10.13. A glitch lurking in the scoreboard clock had shaved off the extra .21. The directors decided the clock should be switched off to prevent any further embarrassment.

On the other hand, the official timing system had to be in perfect order because its clocking might well be a real world record in the next major event. Sebastian Coe of Great Britain, who had made his name in 1979 by setting three world middle-distance marks in only 42 days, would be running in the 800. And he had already issued a warning this spring: "I feel like in 1979."

While the timing equipment was being inspected, Coe was jogging lightly around the Stadio's Tartan track, savoring the still, balmy night air. He hadn't come to Florence specifically to challenge his 1:42.33 world 800-meter record—he had targeted a June 26 meet in Oslo for that—but then, neither had he planned his two most notable performances thus far in 1981: a world indoor 800 record (1:46.0) in February and, only a week before the Florence meet, the year's fastest outdoor 800 (1:44.06) at Crystal Palace. In fact, the 24-year-old Coe, who's now a doctoral candidate at Loughborough University, had found 1981 full of the unexpected. An unusually cold, windy and rainy spring in England had made training miserable for him; nevertheless he was in the best early-season shape of his life. And the British press, which had always treated Coe with favor—if not outright adoration—particularly when comparing him with his often thorny rival, countryman Steve Ovett, suddenly was



Time was on Seb's side

The only minutes that dragged for Coe came after he ran his world-record 800

printing accusations of professionalism against him.

Now, however, as he trotted past a soccer goal in the infield, Coe was surprised only by how good he felt—all the soreness from a recently pulled muscle in his right foot had faded. Perhaps the only problem was the hour: 11 p.m., normally Coe's bedtime. "A little late for my racing habits," he said.

Finally it was determined that the timing gear was, indeed, in working order,

and Coe, along with seven other runners, aligned himself for the start. The group was undistinguished save for Coe, veteran Mark Winzenried of the U.S. and the young Kenyan, Billy Konchellah, but perhaps those two would be enough of a challenge to inspire Coe. Winzenried, a former 1,000-yard indoor record holder, had frequently carried middle-distance racers to outstanding times with his bold front-running, while Konchellah, a San Diego State sophomore, also figured to take the race out swiftly.

As the runners came out of the first turn, it was Konchellah who assumed the lead, with Coe, who is normally a front-runner, tucked in behind, doing some drafting. Standing just past the start-finish line, holding Coe's stopwatch, was Maeve Kyle, the 53-year-old manager of the British team in Florence. Normally Coe's father and coach, Peter, would have been at trackside, but on this occasion he had remained at home in Sheffield, tending to business affairs.

This was by no means a sign of father and son drifting apart. In fact, in the last six months Peter's "business affairs" have become the most controversial aspect of Seb's running career. In January Peter signed his entire immediate family—his wife, his two daughters, Seb and brother Nicholas, plus himself—to a contract with Mark McCormack's International Management Group, primarily in anticipation of a broad-based move to open (i.e., professional) track and field. "All athletics could change within a year or so," Peter had said. "The growth of road running in the United States, including increasing commercialization, has put enough holes in the amateur code that you could drive a coach and horses through it."

Since the start of the 1981 outdoor season there have been reports that IMG representatives have been visiting meet directors demanding larger under-the-table payments to Seb. The French sports newspaper *L'Equipe* reported that he had withdrawn from a meet in Paris because the promoters had refused to raise his "expense money" from 20,000 francs (about \$3,500) to 80,000 francs (about

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TRACK & FIELD continued

\$14,000). The Coes denied the reports, and Seb said he had withdrawn from the Paris race "because I don't want all that hassle."

As Konchellah and Coe passed the 400-meter mark, Kyle shouted out the split, "Fifty!" But because she wasn't stationed precisely at the start-finish line, her reading was inaccurate; Coe actually had passed the halfway mark in 49.7 seconds, nearly a full second ahead of his record pace at Oslo. And Coe, it seems, had already reckoned this. "Maevie was well past the line," he said later. "I knew that I was at least .8 up."

Coe decided it was time to make his move, so that so stunning a first lap wouldn't be wasted. Indeed, he fairly flew past Konchellah entering the second lap and quickly drew away down the backstretch. When he reached the tape he was nearly 50 meters ahead of his closest pursuer, Dragan Zivotic of Yugoslavia, Konchellah having faded to last.

Without a scoreboard clock to tell them even roughly how fast Coe had run, the Italian fans remained hushed. Coe held off on his victory lap, instead consulting Kyle for a reading of his own stopwatch. The news there was good, but five, then 10 minutes later, there still had been no official word on his time. Jogging up and down the homestretch, Coe paused to speak to a journalist. "Christ, what are they doing to me?" he asked. "Maevie's got it at 1:41.69."

When the official announcement came through, it proved Kyle to be quite the timekeeper: Coe had run 1:41.72, which was .61 of a second less than his record and 1.72 seconds faster than anyone else in history.

Fans, officials and athletes swarmed Coe. He tried a victory lap but gave up and had to zig and zag his way across the crowded infield. Not fluent in Italian, Coe couldn't even understand most of the words of congratulation. Soon he was talking of running the 800 in 1:40, and after that, "I must start thinking of the 1,500. That's next on my sked."

Shortly after winning the 1,500-meter gold and 800-meter silver medals at the Moscow Olympics, Coe made it known that he wanted to regain his world mile and 1,500 records from Overt and lower his own 800 and 1,000 marks. "I hope not just to nibble at the records but to improve them substantially," he said. In Florence, Coe proved the substance of what he had said.

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Caponi's putts were as straight as her nose.

Prima Donna by a nose

Donna Caponi is no longer Young, but that was the least of her worries as she beat off challenges by Jerilyn Britz and Pat Meyers to win another LPGA Championship

You could call Donna Caponi the Lon Chaney of women's golf. Yes, there's yet another new Donna in a line that began back in 1965 when she was a 19-year-old professional who thought a good round was breaking 80. This latest Donna has a straighter nose, a vanishing husband and a very big bank account. But guess what. She still wins major golf tournaments.

No longer using the name of her husband, Ken Young, who is about to go the same way as the old nose, Caponi won the LPGA Championship at the

Jack Nicklaus Sports Center in Kings Island, Ohio last week, surviving torrential rain, tornado alerts and an almost fatal last-round collapse. But at the end, with what seemed like the entire leader board threatening to storm past her, the fun-loving Caponi, who has done more than her share to keep disco alive, triumphed by means of a remarkable birdie on the 18th hole, sinking an 18-foot putt that brought tears to her eyes.

This was Caponi's fourth major championship, and she won it despite a shaky final round of 73 that gave her a total of 280, eight under par. She finished a stroke ahead of Pat Meyers and Jerilyn Britz. Caponi's other major wins were in the 1969 and 1970 U.S. Opens and the 1979 LPGA.

Her victory was even more satisfying because it followed the breakup of her 10-year marriage to Young, a tournament promoter. In fact, Caponi was to appear in a California courtroom a week after the LPGA for preliminary proceedings in a divorce action. "There isn't a day I don't think about it," she said. "But it's not the worst thing that's happened to me. It's just a different direction."

There have been quite a few turns in Caponi's road. The tour caddies now call her Boogie D, but when she started out she was the Watusi Kid, a green player whose golf game hardly matched her late-night exuberance. It took her until 1969 to win a tournament, and in that season she earned a little more than \$30,000. On Sunday, her LPGA victory was worth \$22,500, a sum that boosted her to the top of the 1981 money standings, with \$109,426.

Caponi underwent plastic surgery on her nose about 18 months ago, and at

roughly the same time she began dieting. She was asked if her streamlined appearance, her changing marital status and the fact that she had won more than \$220,000 last year and now is well on her way to another big year might already have led to a bunch of marriage proposals. "No," she said. "But I go out a lot."

Caponi took the tournament lead on Friday when she shot a 32 on the final nine for a 68. For a brief time on Saturday, as she rattled the cup with a putting stroke taught her by touring pro Dave Stockton, her lead soared to five strokes, before the wet and treacherous conditions caught up to her and she stumbled a bit.

Meanwhile, some of the pros were letting it be known that they again thought the Jack Nicklaus course to be of less than championship caliber. In fact, Kathy Whitworth, the women's all-time leading money-winner, has such little regard for the layout that this year she skipped the championship. Whitworth's absence was especially notable because she's having her best season in some time. Her victory in last month's Coca-Cola Classic was her 81st in a 23-year career, and she now needs only \$13,376 to become the LPGA's first million-dollar money-winner.

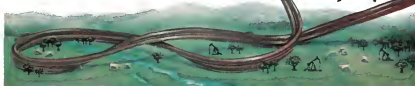
To stem some of the criticism, tournament officials tinkered with the course this year, planting 30 trees at various locations and modifying the 18th hole, a par-5 that usually ended the tournament with more of a whimper than a bang because a large lake in front of the green forced the players to lay up with their second shots. This year the hole was shortened 70 yards to entice the players to take a chance with their second shots, but the women still played it like cats trying to sneak up on a pigeon, teeing off with irons and then punching wedges short of the lake. "The only way I'll try for it is if I need an eagle the last day to win the tournament," said JoAnne Carner, one of the tour's longest hitters. Groused one official, "I guess the only way we'll get them to go for it is to make it into a par-3."

For her part, Sandra Post was walking

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around with a smile on her face, oblivious to the shortcomings of the layout or even the rainstorms that seemed to hit Kings Island every few hours. Post had a chance to collect a \$100,000 bonus, the amount offered by the sponsors of the McDonald's Classic to any player who could win both that tournament—as Post had the previous week—and the LPGA.

Post's 67 in the opening round left her only one stroke behind Lynn Adams, but on Friday, when rain interrupted play for more than 2½ hours, Post played like an Egg McMuffin, shooting a 74. Meanwhile, Adams, a former high school mathematics teacher who was competing with the considerable handicap of a broken toe suffered several weeks ago, needed a portable calculator to keep track of a second-round 81 that included a nine—splash—on the 18th.

The second round also represented a milestone of sorts for Lori Garbacz, who's well on her way to becoming the female version of Tom Weiskopf. Garbacz, who was 16th on the money list last year, withdrew from the tournament, marking the fifth time in 14 tour events that she has either withdrawn or been disqualified.

The warmest story of the tournament revolved around the play of 47-year-old Marlene Hagge, who has won the tour's Best Dressed award so many times that the trophy has been retired. Golf's perennial glamour girl birdied Friday's final hole for a 70 and a two-round total of 139, five under par, a score that put her firmly on the leader board and only two strokes behind Caponi. Hagge finished early, then stood around during the rain delay and hoped for clear skies so her score wouldn't be washed out. "Please," she kept saying, looking upward. "Please."

While at the start of the LPGA Nancy Lopez-Melton was leading in money won (\$102,474) and Sally Little was pacing it in victories (three), Hagge had not had a great season in '81, with only \$10,943 and two top 20 finishes to show for her play in 16 previous tournaments. When it was pointed out that Hagge had won the LPGA Championship in Detroit in 1956, she cracked, "Yeah, I win it every 25 years."

As Hagge walked down the fairways to applause, it was obvious many fans had made her the sentimental favorite.



Meyers kept pressure on Caponi until the very end

"This must be an odd gallery this week," said Hagge, an LPGA charter member, with a laugh. "I always thought the women's tour would be as big as it is. I just didn't think I'd still be here playing it." The reason for her longevity, she believes, is vitamins. "Thirty a day, 15 in the morning and 15 at night."

On Saturday, Hagge's dream fell apart in the rain as she bogeyed four of the first eight holes. After a 74 on Sunday, she finished tied for 12th.

Caponi, in contrast, was threatening to make a mockery of the tournament. "No brains," she explained after birdies on five of the front nine Saturday, including the last three, for a 31 that came on the heels of her back-nine 32 the previous day. But in a major championship, momentum has a way of turning around. On the 10th hole Caponi bunkered her second shot and three-putted for a double bogey. "Up until then, it just seemed the ball couldn't wait to get to the hole to jump in," she said.

Caponi picked up another bogey at the 13th. Her putter went sour. She finished with a 70, which put her nine-under and two strokes ahead of Britz and three ahead of Meyers for the tournament. Britz and Meyers aren't exactly Ben Hogan and Sam Snead, between them they have won only three tournaments. Go-

ing into the LPGA Britz was 77th on the money list, Meyers 36th. But Caponi would hear no talk of a premature victory disco. "I still have to make some birdies tomorrow," she said. "They're coming at me."

And come they did. Caponi's putter again suffered the chills on Sunday, and when she bogeyed the sixth and seventh holes, while Meyers was getting birdies on same, the four-stroke swing put Meyers ahead by a stroke, with Britz a shot behind Caponi.

From there on in, matters only got closer, and coming to the 18th, the three of them were tied and nervously eyeing each other and the lake. Britz went for the green in two, and although her second shot hit a tree and splashed in and out of the water, the ball came to rest on dry land. She chipped up and eventually two-putted. Meyers was on in three; two putts got her down in par.

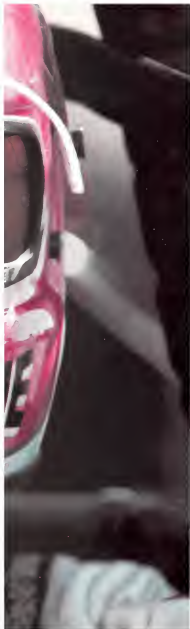
And so there was Caponi, who had hit short of the lake, 18 feet away after three shots and putting for a birdie, the championship and yet another chapter in her latest edition. Caponi has been down this way before, and she gave a little jump as the ball went in. And then wept. For her, the name's not the same, but the game sure is.

END



Hagge glowed for a time, then flickered to 12th





THE BEST MAN FOR THE JOB IS A WOMAN

When it comes to driving a 2,500-horsepower dragster, two-time world champion Shirley Muldowney is unexcelled

by Sam Moses

The night Shirley Muldowney, a little bit of a baby, was born, her father, Belgium Benedict Roque, a bear of a man, fought his next-to-last professional fight. He won by a TKO, just in time to rush home and take his wife, Mae, to the hospital to deliver their daughter. Belgium—he called himself “Tex Rock”—had a gentle streak and a mean streak. He played the violin; he lost his temper and decked people.

Tex Rock had a fist “like this,” Shirley will say, holding up her small hands as if there were a volleyball in them. “I remember very little about my young years. Very little. But I do remember this. I was about six and my sister was eight and we were sitting at the kitchen table with my mother. We were all crying. My father was in jail. He had hit someone. Each of us had a puggy bank. He needed money. He

continued

Muldowney signals readiness for a run before flipping down her nose and pulling on her fire-retardant overalls



Muldowney

continued

was in trouble. I remember those days."

When Shirley was eight, she was a shy little girl whose legs were "this big around," she says, holding her fingers up as if she were squeezing a pop bottle in them. "She was very tiny, so tiny," says Mae. "Her father encouraged her to learn the accordion. It was bigger than she was. Shirley couldn't even carry it."

The Roques lived in an apartment on the wrong side of the tracks in Schenectady, N.Y. Tex drove a taxi all day and Mae worked in a laundry, so Shirley was on her own a lot. "I went to a tough school where I got my ass kicked every single day," she says. So Tex told her, "Here's what you do: You pick up a board, you pick up a pipe, you pick up a brick, and you part their hair with it." Says Mae, "She was real interested, and she went along with it. There was no more coming home beat up. She

"Staged" for a start, the awesome power of Muldowney's 24-foot-long rail is checked, but when the green light comes on, smoke billows from the tires as it begins a six-second, 250-mph run that ends in a quiver of a mile as she pops the chute.



went out and took care of herself. She was all thrilled."

When Shirley was 13, she began cutting classes at the school she hated. When she was 15, her favorite class was mechanical drawing because the teacher let her sneak out the window and climb down the fire escape to a coffee shop around the corner, where she would meet her boyfriend, Jack Muldowney, the best hot-rodder around. At home nights she would stay up in her pajamas until Tex would say, "Shirley, I think it's time you went to bed now." So Shirley would go up to her bedroom, and wait until she heard the rumble of Jack's '51 Mercury outside—Tex would also hear the hot rod, but he'd pretend not to—and Shirley would sneak out with Jack, still in her pajamas. They would go out to Depot Road and race other hot-rodders until the lights in the farmhouses came on, soon followed by the headlights of the police, who would chase them all away.

In the summer of 1956 Shirley had just turned 16 and gotten her learner's permit. "Jack's car was this Rebel Winhour a

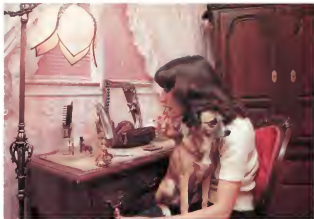
Cause Mercury. Beautiful. Three-speed. Column shift. I had had my permit about a week, and Jack put me behind the wheel. I remember we were alongside this '56 Oldsmobile on Route 9. We came to this long stretch of road with a wide curve to it. Jack said, 'I'm just going to rest my hand on the steering wheel.' I was going 120."

She quit high school and married Muldowney that year. She was driving through the countryside one day and glanced in a barn and there, a beam of sunshine across its hood, was the car she wanted: a '40 Ford coupe. She bought it for \$40. "Jack put a Cadillac engine in it for me," she says. "Guys heard about this, and they would come from Amsterdam, Glens Falls, Albany. I'd race them, and when I'd turn around they'd be going the other way. It was very satisfying."

"I'd say the first time I ever took my life in my own hands and got away with it was when I really appreciated what I thought I was capable of."

What Shirley Muldowney, now 41, 5' 4" and 108 pounds and *contender*





Muldowney can be rough—abrasive, even—in the pits, but at home with Skippy she softens up a bit.

Muldowney

continued

sometimes described by reporters as "sultry," was capable of is drag-racing history. She is the only driver to have won the National Hot Rod Association Top Fuel class world championship twice, first in 1977 and again last year. Don (Big Daddy) Garlits, who was the sport's preeminent figure in the '60s and '70s, has won it once, in 1975. She has won 11 Top Fuel

national races, second only to the 49-year-old Garlits' 21, and he is all but retired from racing. And she has made more sub-six-second runs (64 through 1980) and over-250-mph runs (six) in NHRA nationals than any other driver.

"I'll tell you a story that says all you need to know about Shirley," says Richard Tharp, the 1976 Top Fuel champion. With Garlits pretty much out of the picture, Tharp is one of the few drivers with a good chance of beating Muldowney at a national, and he's the only one with a

tongue as spited as hers. Says Tharp, "One time me and Garlits were standing around together at a race, just sort of leaning against the truck and talking, and Shirley comes up to us. She was mad about something. She points her finger in our faces and shakes it and shouts, 'You bleepbleepers better start treating me like a lady!'"

Says Shirley, "I think the difference between me and the other guys is that a lot of them really don't have, truly don't have, that kick-ass attitude."

Drag racing is literally an explosive sport. The ideal when building a Top Fuel engine (the fuel being nitromethane) is to put it together so that it uses itself up in precisely a quarter of a mile. "It's like a fuse 1,320 feet long," says Rahn Tobler, Muldowney's crew chief. If the engine's life-span is 1,320 feet, about six seconds, then a drag racer calls it a "stout" motor. Racers like to "hurt" the motor a little bit, hurt being good, the way it hurts good after hard exercise. If the motor burns, or "backslides," a piston as the car crosses the finish line, then it's been built right. If it "grenades"—literally blows up, scattering shrapnel—you've overdone it. If it "dies" 10 feet before the timing lights at the finish, you've cut the fuse too short; if it dies 10 feet after the timing lights, you've wasted horsepower.

One would think you could afford to waste some. A Top Fuel motor produces about 2,500 horsepower, four times as much as an Indy car, 40 times as much as, say, a Honda Civic. There's not much strategy or endurance in drag racing. Its winners are those who can create horsepower and those who can control it.

When the starting light flashes green and a Top Fuel dragster, also called a digger or a rail or a slingshot—Shirley's is more than 24 feet long—leaves the line, the earth literally shakes; the grandstands vibrate and tickle the rear ends of the spectators. The noise is torture to everyone without earplugs. Sound waves whump like clubs over those standing near the starting line; your head buzzes like a chain saw, your hair twitches, and shivers go up and down your body. For a moment the dragster is smothered by eye-stinging white smoke billowing from its spinning tires. You get "burnout"—specks of rubber thrown from the tires like raindrops—all over you, spotting

continued

John, 23, works on his mother's crew, and has defended her reputation when the occasion demanded.



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Kalitta and Muldowney won a lot, fought a lot.

Muldowney

continued

a dark hole. Were it not for the eyes, one probably couldn't tell it was a woman in the dragster. The eyes are open wide, and mostly they show fearlessness. Shirley's eyes have always been exceptional; ever since she was a little girl and her relatives told her how pretty her eyes were, she has known they're a strength. She can detect movement around her dragster when it's running at full speed. She's also a fine shot with her derringer pistol, and she says she can pick off a woodchuck at 150 yards with her .243-caliber custom-made target rifle. "It uses the fastest bullets in the world," she says.

Shirley has had four fires in the cockpits of racecars in her 25-year career, caused by exploding motors. The last one, the worst, in 1973, melted her eyelids together. ("I rode it out. I came out of the car. My helmet was blazing. It burned the goggles right off my face.") The plastic surgery was near perfect: You can't see any scars. But she can, and she goes crazy if she misplaces her sunglasses.

At the races Shirley often sits in her crew-cab Dodge pickup truck, which has smoke-tinted windows for privacy. Her silhouette can be seen, her hands moving to her eyes to apply makeup. Her hands against the butterfly-shaped steering control of her dragster are almost as striking as her eyes. And she believes they contribute as much to her success. "It takes a light touch in a rail," she says. "It really does. You've got all this incredible power, but you get up and you start manhandling and being a savage and a brute; that doesn't get the job done."

She paints and manicures her nails as carefully as a model does, and she knows they're attractive. She can be expressive with a single index finger (as Richard Tharp knows). She files her nails as a safe-cracker might file his fingertips, to make her touch

more sensitive, and she hates it when she breaks one and it fouls up that touch. She wears fire-retardant driving mittens rather than gloves so she can feel her fingers and gain even more touch.

"I'm not sure if you'd call it a woman's touch or not," she says. "I do think women have better reflexes [true in her case, at least, for she is consistently the quickest driver away from the start]. But maybe I don't know what makes up a woman."

This touch, woman's or not, is less important after the rail leaves the line. Then another quality takes over. "When you put that thing in high gear, boy, it kicks you in the funny like you can't believe," she says. "It just shoots." When Shirley talks of the rush that comes from getting kicked in the funny by 2,500 horsepower and controlling it, her eyes are wide again, revealing not only the

continued

With Tharp in Kalitta's place, the wins, but not the fights, go on



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☐

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☐

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City State Zip

If we all speak up, Washington will listen.

Muldowney

continued

fearlessness they show on the strip, but also an eagerness. This fearless eagerness, or eager fearlessness, is the mark of a "racer." "Racer" is a state of mind. Not every professional driver is one. Sometimes not even champions are. When one driver calls another a racer, it is a high compliment. A racer has an unshakable belief that he can go faster than anyone, and a ferocious drive to prove it. He will say, as Shirley does, "There's no such thing as too much horsepower," or "I like to beat them by a mile." A racer would make a point of using the fastest bullets in the world.

Shirley owns her car; she is, in fact, a corporation. She carries a calculator in her briefcase, along with a checkbook to pay the bills and her crew. On the road she does the bookkeeping in her motel room. Last year there were more than 300

such nights, she spent all of about six weeks at her home in Mt. Clemens, Mich. In January she bought a condominium in Van Nuys, Calif. near her race shop. She says Shirley Muldowney Enterprises, Inc. netted \$5,000 last year. Her personal car is conservative, for economic reasons, she longs for a flashy car, like the red 1979 Corvette her crew chief drives.

Along the skinny sides of her dragster, which is lacquered in shades of pink, it says merely SHIRLEY where others might display the name of some product. She has a few secondary sponsors, in particular Valvoline and Goodyear and Plymouth (her motor) and Dodge, but she doesn't have a single sponsor generous enough to warrant billing bigger than Shirley's own. Some of her Top Fuel opponents, such as Tharp and Gary Beck, who was Top Fuel runner-up last year,

have sponsors that finance large-scale operations, with semis full of spores. Shirley tows her dragster to races in a trailer. Her equipment is treated gently—"massaged," she says—because it has to last longer; she must enter more races than the heavily sponsored drivers to make ends meet. Though the chassis of her rail is two inches narrower than most, taking advantage of her petite size, it is still built conservatively, in order to withstand the abuse of small-time tracks where well-sponsored cars rarely run.

There have been many rejections from sponsors, even Hollywood was faster with its offer than STP, which turned her down. A movie about her is in the works—deal signed, shooting not yet begun. ("What we need is a female Rocky," a screenwriter suggested, and the idea was sold.)

"I don't know what it is," says Tobler, reflecting on the dearth of big-dollar sponsors. "It's absolutely not performance; she's got that. It's absolutely not appeal; Shirley's so terrific looking, and she's great with the press. Maybe sponsors think if they gave her \$200,000 she wouldn't know what to do with it. Maybe they think she'd take it and run off and buy dresses or something."

Her fellow drivers say the problem is her lip. Potential sponsors say budgets are tight. Shirley's agent says it's because she's a woman. Some people say it's because of her agent, that his Hollywood finger-poppin' style is too pushy for the sport. Others say it's because sponsors are gotten through the crony system, and Shirley is nobody's crony. Shirley says a sponsor often signs on because "somebody slips him a dolly." She once went door-to-door pitching herself, but when a potential sponsor suggested she perform in a motel room as well as on the dragstrip, she abandoned that method of self-promotion. Now she avoids even the most innocuous of sponsors' cocktail parties. "I don't want it to look like I'm begging," she says.

Then there is the other reason. Top Fuel isn't really the glamour class in drag racing anymore. Funny Cars, which have stylized fiber-glass bodies, are wilder and attract more attention, even though they aren't as fast as the rails. Shirley stopped driving Funny Cars soon after the '73 fire, which was in one, and if she returned to them she almost certainly could land a

continued



Muldowney has had problems living up to fat sponsorship deals, but the fans always line up to see her



**"Jim left me a beautiful home, stocks,
and some things I never expected.
Like taxes."**

"Jim and I were lucky. Because we could usually afford to get what we wanted out of life.

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BUILT TO LAST



AMERICAN MOTORS

Muldowney

continued

sponsor, and maybe even get rich. But she has turned down all Funny Car offers; in a Funny Car, she might not be the fastest driver in drag racing. It's the kind of decision a racer would make.

Shirley's professional standards are very high. She applies them to herself with few compromises, and to her competitors with fewer still. When she loses, she believes it was only because something prevented her from running her best, when she wins, it was because she outpaced her opponent, period. (Again, a racer's attitude: She can't believe anyone can beat her but herself.) She wants top-dollar operations with, "Anybody who needs more than one spare motor at a race isn't ready to go racing." She dismisses the flashy semis of her rivals as mostly ego displays, though she confesses she would like one for more privacy at the races. She complains that for years she couldn't get decent help. "I always got the mechanics that nobody else wanted, because it was 'degrading to work for the broad,'" she says.

That sort of problem is behind her today. Her team is the tightest in drag racing. They are a threesome: Shirley, Tobler, and Shirley's 23-year-old son, John, with varying amounts of assistance at each race, often from younger men, who tend to feel less threatened by her. She's more the star of the operation than the boss; even though she is president of the corporation, her role is much like that of a hired driver, mostly because she can't create the horsepower, only control it. Tobler and John put her in the rail and point her down the strip and tell her what to do, and she does it.

Tobler, at 27, is youngish for a crew chief. Last year he won the Mechanic of the Year award given by S-K Tools. Shirley says he makes her look good, and she never fails to give him credit. "A miracle, that's what he is," she says.

John was born when Shirley was 17, a year after she quit school and married Jack Muldowney. (Less ambitious than Shirley about racing, Jack divorced her in 1972; seven years earlier she had gotten her high school equivalency diploma, as she had promised Tex she would before he died.) Shirley won her first Top Fuel national the week John graduated from high school in 1976; he skipped his prom for the race. He has seen his mother the way sons rarely see their mothers bared,

that, and the fact that they have been through so many miles and experiences together, makes their relationship especially close. He often straps her into her dragster before races, and it wouldn't be too melodramatic to say he knows that each time may be the last. He calls her "Ma" and she calls him "Son," the way a father might, as in, "You can't handle that, Son," when John picks up the bottle of whiskey Shirley makes her Irish coffees with. There's a communion any mother would envy, and not the least of Shirley's accomplishments.

One of the things John has seen his mother exposed to is rowdy spectators. Shirley is unquestionably the crowd-pleaser, but she arouses their passions and isn't unanimously cheered. Epithets containing sexual slurs are shouted from the stands. The last time that happened John went after the heckler and nailed him. (Mae thinks John inherited Tex's temper, and that Shirley only carries the genes.) The police grabbed John and handcuffed him. "Took his face and mashed it into the trunk of my car," says Shirley. "Kicked him. I said, 'If you touch him again I'm going to run over your ass. I'm telling you, I'll get you,' I said. 'I don't care. Your uniform doesn't scare me at all. You'd better get a bigger gun than the one you're wearing. I'll run over your ass.' The guy couldn't believe what he was hearing. I had him by the shirt. It's a wonder I didn't tear the shirt right off his back. I was violent mad."

This all happened after the first round at a national in Seattle last year. John and Rahn were taken to a police car outside the racetrack, and Shirley, crying, had to use volunteers to rebuild her motor for the semifinals. She did a wheelstand for 400 feet and won that race and went on to win the final. "I do not rattle on the line," she says. "I simply do not rattle."

Mae tells the story of the time Tex was getting whopped in a fight. At ringside, she stood on a chair and began cheering for his opponent so loudly that Tex couldn't miss her. She got him mad, and he knocked the guy out.

Last year a Women's Sports Hall of Fame was inaugurated, with nine inductees, six from the years before 1960 and three from the period since: Billie Jean

King, Wilma Rudolph and Janet Guthrie, the race driver who in three starts in the Indy 500 came in 29th in 1977, ninth (out of 14 finishers, three of which were finishing) in 1978, and failed to finish in '79. In addition, she failed to qualify in 1976 and 1980, despite having a strong car—and an excellent sponsor—last year. However, Guthrie works actively to promote women's sports, an important criterion of the nominating committee. (Guthrie also is on the advisory board of the Women's Sports Foundation, which established the Hall of Fame.) Guthrie has more respect from the committee than from her fellow drivers, who recognize her for what she is on the track: a stroker, the antithesis of a racer. Of Guthrie's induction, Shirley says simply, "It's an insult." At the time, it depressed her.

"I'm a sensitive person," she says. "I don't let it show. It builds up, and the guy who is next down the line is the one I lay it on," she adds, almost apologetically.

"I like men. I'm crazy about them," she will say, adding in the next breath, "I'm hard on men. I like to beat on their drums."

"All of them, every single one of them, when they come to that starting line, they're afraid. Not because I'm a woman, but because they know we're good—the whole team. They're scared to death of us. That's good. I want them afraid."

Shirley is the straw that stirs the drink in drag racing now. (Garlins no longer races NHRA events, having become the vice-president of the less competitive American Hot Rod Association, of which he was champion last year.) She might not have the sponsorship of some other drivers, but track promoters know the value of letting the world know that Shirley Muldowney is coming to town.

Few drivers have beaten her more than she has beaten them in her eight full seasons as a Top Fuel driver. She defeated Garlins three of the four times she faced him in NHRA nationals, Tharp three of five. "When they do beat me, the way they carry on you'd think they had just won the Indianapolis 500," she says. The worst of Shirley's flak comes from non-drivers; for the most part, the drivers treat her as they would a male champion who so actively enjoys beating on their drums. Tharp has threatened to punch her out, to the amusement of many, and his is, in

continued

Muldowney

continued

fact, a liberated attitude. Were Shirley a man, she probably would have been punched out long ago.

Though Shirley gets respect, it's often conceded grudgingly. The men contend she has an advantage because she's so light; some discount it, others use it as an excuse. Some—especially Garlits—disparage her because she has little mechanical ability. Tharp isn't so tight with his praise (and Shirley will always remember and appreciate that he was the only one who could calm her son, then 14, the day of the bad fire). "She's a hell of a driver," he says. "If only she didn't get so carried away. She's in a man's game and behaves like a man, but wants to be treated like a lady. She sweet-talks you to your face, and then she turns around and throws bleepbleepers at you. What are you supposed to say? 'Yes ma'am, no ma'am'? I'm just glad things aren't the other way around. I'd a hell of a lot rather have it 15 of us and one of her than 15 of her and one of me."

After one of their scraps Tharp said, "I used to like Shirley six days a week and couldn't stand her on Sundays. Now I can't even stand her during the week." Today he says, "Shirley's had to be so tough for so long to get where she is today, she doesn't really know how to ease off. But I still like her. I like her a lot. I like to outrun her."

"They don't really look at me as the woman driver anymore, but what devastates them is that a woman whips their asses," says Shirley. "That's why I paint that racecar pink. It isn't just to rub them, but if it does, fine. That's the way I feel. I would be a fool if I didn't paint the car pink. The pink car stands out. The pink car is known. The women like it. The kids like it. Little girls love it; they come up to me and squeeze me around the legs. It's part of an image, that's all the color is. It's feminine. It's a girl's image."

Shirley is so rare as to be one of a kind. She has a woman's sensitivities and Tex's attitude and a "racer's" urges, and it is a volatile combination. She isn't nervous, she feels the pressure, and there is undeniably more on her because she is a woman. The more upset she gets over the grief thrown her way, the harder she drives. Some people think it is too hard, and they worry for her life.

This is only the fourth year Shirley has been captain of her team. That is, for 20 of those 25 years as a drag racer, from a teased-hair teen-age hellion on dark buck roads in a Rebel Without a Cause Mercury to being the best at firing the fastest bullets in the world, she has had a man telling her what to do. Not even counting Tex, there was Jack Muldowney, and then... and then, Connie Kalitta.

It was the stormiest of affairs. They were together seven years, scratching and kicking every inch of the way.

"Shirley and I started doing our thing in 1971," says Kalitta. "She came to me. She wanted to go drag racing—first and foremost. She would have done anything to race." Kalitta, who also races Top Fuel, looks like Charles Laughton gone to seed. He has a large head balding on top, with crooked teeth and one wandering eye. His greasy jeans usually droop toward his buttocks, nudged down by a spare tire, cuffs dragging under his heels. He can be found scurrying around his dragster with a hammer in his hand.

But Kalitta was, and is, a charmer, generous and well liked by his fellow racers; a scoundrel, maybe, in the mode if not the appearance of Errol Flynn. "He definitely has a way about him. Yes he does," says Shirley.

At first they each campaigned a Funny Car, with Kalitta building and maintaining both. And with Kalitta as agent and Shirley billed as "Cha Cha" Muldowney—a name she despises today—they were often booked together by dragstrips, racing each other as the special attraction. Their act was promoted as a match race, but the words match and grudge sometimes got confused in the hype. The situation was a 1,320-foot fuse, which at times sparked at both ends. But somehow the relationship survived to move on to Top Fuel. Funny Cars were new and death-defying back then; after Shirley's fire in 1972, Kalitta retired from driving and had a rail built for her.

Shirley's Top Fuel license application had to be signed by three drivers in that class. "TV Tommy" Ivo, one of the best then, joined Garlits and Kalitta in endorsing Shirley. "Three greats, really," she says. "I was always very proud of that. You know, Ivo, Garlits and Kalitta signed for my life. But Garlits didn't have any idea what he was starting. And Kalitta feels he created a 'goddamn monster.'"

Used to welding a hammer, Kalitta's hand with his creation, monster or not, wasn't always gentle. "Connie never put my driving down," says Shirley. "I will say that. But a problem with the racer or something would start an argument, and it would get me down. It would really get me. I'd say, 'Connie, I'm getting disgusted. I don't think I really want to do it anymore,' and I'd get, 'Why you ungrateful——' from Connie. 'But, Connie, you don't understand, it's not the same for me. It really is different. I am a woman in a thousand. Try to understand.'"

Shirley imitates Kalitta's voice now. "Bleep! There ain't no difference! You can get in that truck and you will drive to New England Dragway. You will be there on time. And I would in fact get in the truck and drive all the way to New England Dragway, 14 hours, run the race, and drive all the way back. And he'd fly in his airplane."

"Those years with Connie were so hard. God, the tears used to come right down my cheeks. I was so mad at him. I weighed 100 pounds. I looked so old—it was terrible."

There is a story for every battle: the time Kalitta kicked down the door to her house in Michigan; the times they shared the truck towing cars to races, Kalitta driving and Shirley with her back braced against the passenger door, her feet flailing at Kalitta's head; the dent that still exists in Kalitta's truck from the time Shirley threw her helmet at him when he beat her in a race; the time he motioned her to wait when she wanted to do a burnout right then. She did the burnout anyhow, in front of the whooping crowd, straight at him. "I whopped it," Shirley says about that one. "He got out from in front of that car. Yeah. He did not like that, either."

"Connie is a lot like my father was: hot-tempered, free-swinging, the language," she says. "I used to tell Connie, 'If my dad was alive now, he'd kick your ass from here to China.' Oh yes, I would tell him that. 'Make mincemeat out of you, crush your head like a grape'—stuff like that. Oh yes."

The final battle may have been the stormiest of all. It was either ironic or fitting that it occurred the night of the NHRA championship banquet in 1977. It was Shirley's big night, her coronation after 21 years of campaigning, and a his-

continued

WHY THE 1981 U.S. GOV'T. REPORT ON CIGARETTES IS BEHIND THE TIMES!

On May 5, 1981, the Federal Trade Commission released its "new" 1981 report on cigarette tar levels.

Unfortunately, the new FTC report is really quite old.

Old because it is based on 1979 cigarette brands.

Old because much has happened in cigarette development during the year and a half that it took to complete the study.

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	80's tar per cigarette by FTC method except the one indicated*	85's tar per cigarette by FTC method except the one indicated*	100's tar per cigarette by FTC method except the one indicated*	100's tar per cigarette by FTC method except the one indicated*
NOW	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	Less than 0.01mg	2mg
CARLTON	Less than 0.01mg	1mg	1mg	5mg
CAMBRIDGE	0.1mg	1mg	—	4mg
BARCLAY	1mg	1mg	—	3mg

All tar numbers are in mg. per cigarette by FTC method except the one indicated* which is in av. per cigarette by FTC Report May '81.

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toric night for hot rodding. They say that after the banquet you could hear shouting and the crashing of lamps from behind the door of Connie and Shirley's motel room.

"When the smoke cleared, I was left with the bills," says Kalitta. "It cost me \$50,000 to make Shirley the champion that year. But I'd never have put as much money in the car as I did if I hadn't had so much faith in her."

"Yeah, we had a lot of fun together. A lot of heartaches and hard times, too. Shirley is a classy lady. But I'm telling you, she's a two-sided coin. I know her better than anyone. I've watched her in action many, many times."

Kalitta returned to driving for the 1978 season. He and Shirley went through six races without facing—or speaking to—each other. Then, at the Indianapolis Nationals on Labor Day, the biggest event of the year, in the second round Shirley wheeled her pink "massaged" dragster under the starting lights alongside Kalitta's hammer-tuned rail.

And she beat on his drum. Think of the scene it will make when they do Shirley's move.

"Connie doesn't talk bad about me," says Shirley. "He can't." She's sitting in her truck, behind the smoked windows. "Connie would love to be sitting in this truck right now," she says.

Actually, it's Rahn Tobler who's sitting in Shirley's truck now. He worked for Kalitta and Shirley until they split, after which he went with her. They keep the full extent of their relationship private, not so much because it's a secret as because it's their business. "It's one of the reasons I don't gossip about other people today," says Shirley. "Because I know how they said things about me. I mean, terrible, terrible things." She leans her head back. "But no one ever says anything to Rahn because everyone is aware of how much he thinks of me. Yes, he'll put them in their place if it's necessary. We get along awfully good. I see things in Rahn that I would like to thank a lot of men possess, but they don't. At least not the men I've known."

Shirley came out of this past winter something of a celebrity (if none the richer for it), for the first time, really, for the world at large had overlooked Shirley and

her 1977 achievement. Traditionally, the first big race of the NHRA season is the Pomona Winter Nationals, the quintessential drag competition because it's held in the heartland of hot rodding, east of L.A. Shirley arrived at the Winter Nationals confident and smiling, outfitted to complement her car in rose-tinted sunglasses and pink cowboy boots, cuddling her tiny mutt Skippy and joking with her friend and confidante Linda Vaughn, the outrageously sexy Miss Hurst Golden Shifter. Linda is as close as Shirley has come to having a best female friend. Linda once slugged a man who made the mistake of saying something sexually derogatory about Shirley. They share insomnia; Linda has frequent dreams about Shirley, some with unhappy endings. She has been Shirley's shoulder many a lonely time—and vice versa—and has shared with Shirley some of the secrets of her Georgia charm, a natural gift to Linda but hard-learned for Shirley. "I don't think Linda's even aware of what she's done for me," Shirley says. And Linda, who handles a Ferrari and is no stranger to speed, says to Shirley, "I could never strap myself in that digger the way you do."

Shirley set her 255-mph record at Pomona; she always runs well there. She had qualified strong, keeping her foot down through a 200-mph drift toward the guardrail and back. Throughout the run the front wheels had been dancing lightly on the pavement. Tobler had built her a stout motor to begin the defense of her championship. He had cut the fuse close; two pistons backslid near the finish line. "It's just brutal!" Shirley exclaimed happily at the end of the strip after the run. "I like to see fire in the pipes. That does something for me."

In an attempt to offset some of the stoutness of the motor, Tobler added 10 pounds of ballast to the front end between qualifying and eliminations. But even that wasn't enough. Shirley easily won the first round, reacting quicker at the start and leaving her opponent at the lights; but as she exploded off the line in the second round, the front wheels leaped into the air.

A driver has two options when his front wheels take off. Lift his throttle foot and gain control but probably lose the race, or keep his foot down and maybe win the race but probably lose control.

Guess which option a racer will take. "I lifted when all I could see was sky," Shirley said after the run.

Halfway down the strip the wheels still hadn't returned to earth—they were seven feet high now—and Shirley still hadn't lifted. The dragster was snaking toward the guardrail again, at 150 mph, but Shirley kept thinking she could control it as 220 feet of pavement sped under her every second. Finally she lifted. She clipped the guardrail with a rear wheel. Had she stayed with it an instant longer the dragster's front end might have come down on top of the guardrail and split the car in half.

The crew jumped in the truck and sped to the end of the strip to see if she was all right. She was pacing around the dragster, its front wheels splayed outward because the impact of the landing had bent the axle. Shirley was wired, as she often is after a stout run.

"Too long! Too long, Ma!" John shouted. "You stayed with it too long! I thought the throttle was stuck!"

"I tried to stay with it as long as I could. I tried. I tried. I tried to ride it on the rear wheels," she said.

"If the wind had caught it you would have gone over backward quicker than you know it," John said. "If it happens again, let off!" Then he took his mother by the waist, and they walked away down the strip.

That was in February. In March, at the Gator Nationals in Gainesville, Fla., Shirley had a 5.74, the quickest time in her life, on her way to winning the event. In April, at the Southern Nationals in Atlanta, she won again, making it four national wins in her last five races.

In the final round at Gainesville her time was .04 of a second slower than her opponent's, but because she reacted .084 of a second quicker at the start, she got to the finish first and won the race. That is known as a "hole shot" in drag racing, and it means flat outdriving one's opponent.

"Shirley was always determined," says Mae. "Whatever she went out for she got. If there's anything missing today, it's that she would like to have her father see this. He was very, very proud of her."

As Shirley says, "I think the difference between me and the other guys is that a lot of them really don't have, truly don't have, that kick-ass attitude." **END**



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TIME

PERSPECTIVE

by JIM STRAIN

VACANT LOTS WERE NEVER IDLE IN THE SPORTS-FILLED YOUTH OF THE AUTHOR

Although urban in location, vacant lots can be considered chunks of our vanishing wilderness. They're disappearing at an alarming rate, but few people seem to notice and no special-interest group will lobby for their preservation. Such lots have always been the spawning grounds of youthful sport, and a special kind of play is fading with them.

I was fortunate that there was a vacant lot behind my family's house in Denver, and although I participated in a number of organized sports and leagues during my youth, none could match the joy generated by the games played on that lot. And no experience did more to shape my attitude toward sports.

There were other parks and recreation areas available to my friends and me, but the lot gave us a sense of ownership. With the zeal of homesteaders, we put almost as much energy into groundkeeping as playing the game. This was particularly true at the beginning of summer when the lot was retrieved from a winter of neglect and a spring of sporadic use, during which sunflowers and weeds tried to establish a claim to the field. Within a few weeks we usually had the infield in good shape, though the raking, weed pulling and clod busting never continued very long before we succumbed to the temptation of a pickup game.

We also made a few attempts at clearing the outfield, but the weeds never relinquished their dominance. They were especially thick in right, where even the hardest hit grounder rapidly came to a stop. This peculiarity created unique playing conditions and provided players who lacked traditional baseball skills with an opportunity to contribute. The ability to find the ball became as important as fielding it, and anyone able to bound through knee-high vegetation was as valuable as the slickest glove man.

Over the years, we made several attempts at capital improvements to our field. One summer we tried to mold a pitching mound with dirt scooped from

foul territory, but we could never pack it down well enough. Even a rickety backstop proved to be beyond the skills of schoolboy craftsmen, as did our most ambitious project, a dugout. It took endless hours of digging and wound up only two feet deep before we abandoned our shovels in favor of erecting its walls with a collection of two-by-fours and plywood scraps. When it was finished, we stored our odds and ends inside—until it collapsed in the first summer storm.

Our disappointment was short-lived, however, because these projects were always incidental to our games, which dominated our days from early morning until we could no longer see the ball. Many neighborhood kids played on the lot, but the most ardent participants were two boys named Bruce and Brice who lived up the block, my brother, John, and I. The venues of our games changed with

tence. No one remembered or cared who won for very long because the next game was starting. There wasn't time to pout or boast. The games simply blended together into a long, joyous summer.

Inevitably, housing started to pare away at our lot. We began breaking windows with baseballs, and in a desperate attempt to prolong the field's usefulness, we switched to softball. Soon, however, we were shelling the houses with those, too. We tried Waffle ball for a while, but it just wasn't the same. Then one spring the lot disappeared altogether, sprouting houses quicker than it once did milkweed and sunflowers.

Maybe its presumptuous to think that the sandlot tradition will perish as these urban grounds are devoured by developers. I like to think that youngsters have remarkable ingenuity in devising games to fit whatever playing space is available.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT ROBINSON



the sport—driveways for basketball, front lawns for football, basements for Ping-Pong—but never were we more at home than on the vacant lot.

Adults didn't grouse about our tearing up the grass, or making too much noise, or blocking traffic. We had a sense of place. And unlike the play in youth leagues, activities on the lot seemed pristine. We were children playing children's games, not kids competing as mini-adults. Rules were often modified to suit the number of players or other special circumstances, and the judgments of the participants were generally respected. We had our share of arguments and fights, but we had to resolve most of our disagreements amicably if we expected to continue playing.

And our aim was to continue playing. Although the competition was fiery, the joy of winning or unhappiness upon losing was only a momentary feeling—an exclamation point at the end of a sen-

But I can't help but feel that something precious is disappearing. This impression intensifies as I look out my window at California's San Fernando Valley, where I now live. Amid the apartment buildings and condominiums on my block sits a small chunk of land, one of the few barren spots that hasn't yet surrendered to Los Angeles' ravenous appetite for housing. But it won't be long now. The surveyors are pounding in their stakes, and the bulldozers have begun chewing up the ground. And not once in the three months I have lived here have I seen a group of kids playing on that lot.

The developer thinks of the area as 47 one- and two-bedroom condominiums (some with dens); the pet owners in the neighborhood think of it as a vast litter box; and the construction workers, now reshaping the land, think of it as a job. I think of it as the pleasures of youth, meant to endure for other generations but destined to be razed.

END

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

MISSISSIPPI'S MANNING

Sir,

I enjoyed Paul Zimmerman's intimate report on one of my favorite people, Archie Manning. New Orleans Saints quarterback (*The Patience of a Saint*, June 8). I'm an avid San Francisco 49er fan, and I always look forward to the Saints' annual appearance here because of Archie's gutsy, never-say-die attitude. His athletic talent is obvious, but I also admire Manning because he's such a low-key, unassuming guy, which is refreshing in this era of grossly overpaid athletes, the size of some of whose salaries is surpassed only by the intensity of their egos.

HAROLD O. CHRISTENSEN
San Francisco

Sir:

Having had an aunt and uncle whom I visited in Drew, Miss. during Manning's boyhood, I've been aware of the legend of Archie Who? since his youth baseball days. As

a 6-year-old "star gazer," my only goal was to be a Yankee. A Drew Yankee, of course.

Why a Yankee? Because Manning, a gangly, freckle-faced righthander for the Yanks, was bafflingly opposing batters in a Drew youth league with his exploding fistball and keeping the girls blushing with his disarming Wally Cleaver personality.

Thanks to Paul Zimmerman for a class article about a class gentleman.

NASH NUNNERY
Jackson, Miss.

Sir,

The honor of being named valedictorian traditionally goes to the best student in the graduating class. Now we hear Archie Manning recount how he outfoxed his perhaps more scholarly classmates by using "planning" to avoid challenging courses like physics and solid geometry and thereby become valedictorian of his high school class. I would say that, rather than going for it, Archie went

around it. I also wonder if there is any connection between this attitude and Manning's feeling that he had his best year ever while the Saints went a miserable 1-15. Once more, Archie got his numbers.

That's not exactly my concept of leadership.

BILL PINE
Physics Teacher
Chaffey High School
Ontario, Calif.

Sir,

Paul Zimmerman was correct in calling Archie Manning "one of the finest quarterbacks ever to come out of the deep South." However, "the most famous athlete ever produced by the state of Mississippi" may just be Walter Payton, a fair football player for the Chicago Bears, or Charlie Conerly, former New York Giant quarterback.

STANLEY LEWIS PARKER
Iowa City, Iowa

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CHI'S SOX

Sir

Thanks for your piece on the White Sox (Catch Chicago's New Act, June 8). They have received my manic devotion for the past 20 years. In fact, you've inspired me so much that in a few minutes I'll be rushing home to pick up one of my many White Sox shirts to wear to my company's softball league season opener. Being a "rowdy, but good-time breed" fan, I hope that the sight of my Sox shirt thoroughly disgusts all the Dodger and Angel fans who'll be there.

There is no other park like the character-filled Comiskey, no other fan like the Sox fan, and most certainly no other team of announcers like Harry Caray and Jimmy Piersall.

KEITH D. SPEAKS
Pasadena

Sir

Finally White Sox fans, who have long been frustrated, can be boastful. However, I hope the Sox won't give up their present uniforms for any of those horrid-looking fan-submitted duds! All the Sox need do is tuck in their shirts. Their uniforms are the nicest in the league, but the shirt makes them look bad.

GARY K. BOYLE
Pomona, N.Y.



Sir

Hmmm. There's an interesting case of déjà vu in your article on the White Sox. Look closely at the bottom of the center picture of proposed White Sox uniforms on page 24 and then think back to the 1970 World Series (Flying Start for the Bug, Bad Birds, Oct. 19, 1970). Sure enough, that sketch looks very much like a photograph of Eliee Hendricks missing a tag on Bernie Carbo, who missed home plate. I can't remember the name of the ump who missed the play, though.

SCOTT J. HALLAR
El Cajon, Calif.

• For a comparison of the uniform design-



er's sketch and SI Photographer Tony Trivolo's photograph of that memorable play, see above. The ump, who called Carbo out, was Ken Burkhardt.—ED

PHILOSOPHER HOME RUN KING

Sir

As a college philosophy major and an eternal baseball addict, I was overjoyed by your insightful article on Spalden-philosopher Ben Ogilvie of the Brewers (Swaggo, Ego) Sun, June 8). You combined, with unparalleled wit, intellect and style, my two passions in a way I never thought possible.

As for Gentle Ben's success, it was to be expected.

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19TH HOLE continued

pected, because as Plato said, "The philosopher's soul is ahead of all the rest."

PETE CRINO
Ardley, N.Y.

Sir:

So you accept Cecil Cooper's assertion that Ben Ogline does *The New York Times* crossword puzzle in "about two minutes." do you? That's impossible. I happen to be one of the world's best amateur crossword-puzzle solvers. I have never been beaten in a race. I do the *Times'* daily puzzle regularly and would be surprised if I could ever finish one in less than four or five minutes.

There are about 175 letters in a *Times* daily puzzle. Just writing them down at random, without attempting to make words out of them, could, I suppose, be done in two minutes, but that would be sort of like playing tennis without a net.

E.J. KAHN JR.
New York City

HOT STREAK

Sir:

At the risk of offending Phillies' fans, I disagree with your choice of Gary Matthews as Player of the Week (*Baseball's Week*, June 8). From May 23 to May 30, the Orioles' Doug DeCinces scored 10 runs, including seven homers, drove in 15 runs and had a .375 average. When you're hot, you're hot.

CHRIS BAUERMAN
Towson, Md.

As noted at the beginning of each column, *SI's Baseball's Week* usually covers a Monday-through-Sunday period. For May 25-31, DeCinces had five homers, 11 RBIs and a .353 average. Matthews had four doubles, seven RBIs and a .600 average.—ED

LACROSSE LESSONS

Sir:

Congratulations to Coach Willie Scroggs and the University of North Carolina lacrosse team (*The Heels Get Their Feet in the Door*, June 8). When an upstart such as North Carolina can knock off a perennial powerhouse like Johns Hopkins, it can only help to increase the popularity of the game.

GLEN M. VOGT
Clayton, N.Y.

Sir:

Having played lacrosse and being a member of the New England Lacrosse Officials Association, I was interested in the picture of North Carolina midfielder Doug Hall. The fingers of his right hand are out of his glove. This is a violation of the equipment rule stating that a player may not alter his equipment in a way that could cause injury to himself or another player. Young players, take note.

DAVID M. BENNETT
Waterbury, Conn.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020

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